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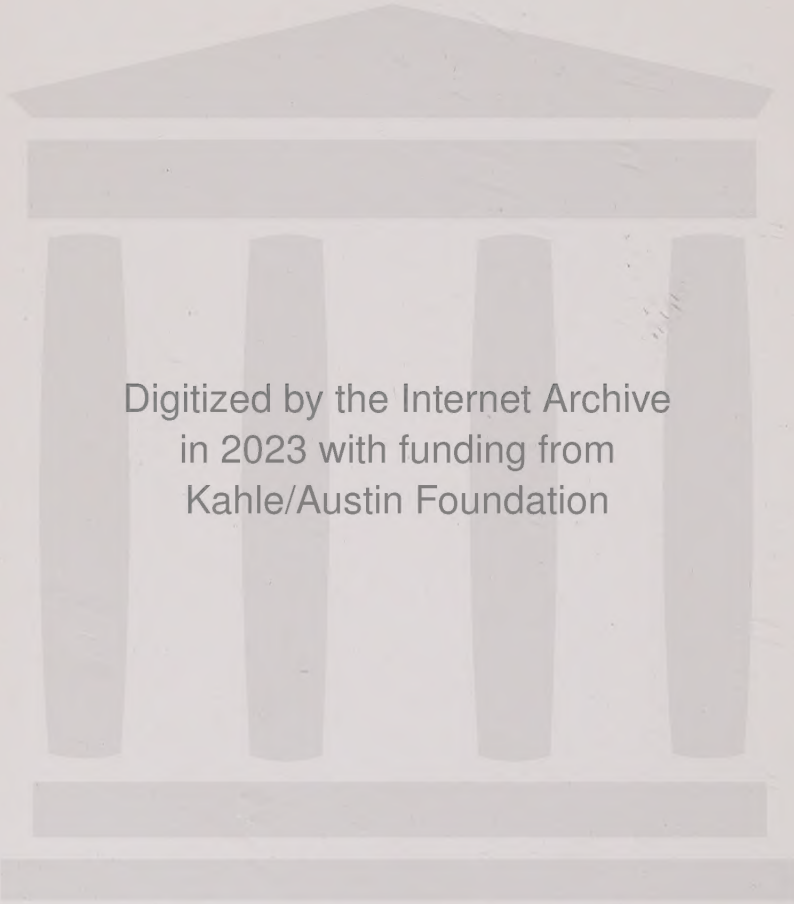
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"Fair, tinged at times with roseate hue, am I."

* * * * COSMOS
AND OTHER POEMS * *
ANNA HUBBARD MERCUR



*Speak from your latest conviction and it speaks the universal sense,
for the inmost becomes in due time the outmost.—EMERSON.*

PETER PAUL AND BROTHER
BUFFALO N Y . . MDCCCIXIII

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DEDICATION.

OUT to the world I send my rhymèd thoughts.
O, busy world, I pray thee pause and hear !
Believe me, things are not as they appear.
With hidden meaning life is interwrought,
Which to our race with import grave is fraught.
Would I had power each saddened heart to cheer
With words of hope and sympathy sincere,
E'en though the proffered aid were all unsought.
Scoff not at the poetic form of speech ;
It is the vehicle wherein to teach
That which to high Parnassus' mount is sent
From Inspiration's mystic source above,
And shapen thus, for human use is lent.
Who, then, deriding it, can know of Love ?

OCT 22 1958

Cover design and frontispiece
BY CORA MARIE GASKILL.

PRELUDE.

HOW many sharps and flats are set
 Within this instrument of life !
The heart-strings reach above, below,
 Combining harmony with strife.

Its cadences in every note
 Are found, from base to treble key ;
With major, minor chords are linked
 For simple song or symphony.

The soul must be aflame to sound
 Them well ! There is no theme too small ;
No thought too great, from tiny flower
 To avalanche or torrent's fall.

It is the poet's sacred trust
 To tune this complex lute aright ;
Who gains completest mastery
 Must be encircled by God's light !

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NATURE

PART I—FLOWERS

THE PEDIGREE OF COSMOS.

THE world's fair flower am I, Cosmos by name ;
From Paradise, man's primal home, I came,
Where, in perennial bloom, the blossoms rare,
Rejoiced in our first mother's guardian care.
But I the favorite supreme would be ;
So lofty, none would dare compete with me.
If I could rise to height of yonder trees,
Attracting first the sunshine and the breeze,
My aspirations I might satisfy,
And proudly all the other flowers defy.
Close by the Tree of Knowledge stood ; ere long
My branches and leaf-filaments grew strong,
Till (type of day, displacing shadowy night)
I had attained the tree's gigantic height.
T'would seem my dazzling blossoms, from afar,
Sought to eclipse the lustrous morning star.
Elate, I bade the rose, Love's radiant flower,
Her blush transfer, and claimed it as my dower.
Yet oft, for very shame, it fades away,
And leaves me white and cold as moonlight's ray.

But, ever on my own advancement bent,
I wooed the mignonette, with base intent
To draw her balmy breath, and vanish, when
My devastating work was done. No pen
My deep chagrin or penitence can tell ;
Humility enwove such potent spell
About her lowly path, t'were worse than vain
Her only gift, her fragrance, to obtain.
Fair, tinged at times with roseate hue, am I,
But odorless condemned to live and die.
When closed were Eden's gates, and I, through Shur
Had passed, a sad and weary wanderer,
My scattered seed, from north to south, from east
To west, has budded, blossomed, and increased.
Hence am I here, a world-wide, roving flower,
(Albeit deprived of perfume's subtle power)
To greet from every land, from every clime
Th' Adamic race. What spectacle sublime,
When old world, with the new, rebound in chain
Of universal love, shall once again
Edenic bliss restore ; when man and beast,
Bird, insect, tree and flower, the greatest, least,
Shall, as in olden time, hold high discourse
With Him who, of all life, is essence, source !

LEGEND OF THE LAUREL.

DAPHNE, daughter of the sun,
 Fairest offspring of the light,
Bright Apollo sought to win
 With imperious manly might.

Had he less impetuous wooed,
 Drawn her by his beauty's dower,
We had never known, mayhap,
 Of the laurel's mystic power.

Trusting solely to his strength,
 Turned the maid, in cold disdain,
Sounding Love's immortal lyre,
 Daphne's heart he might have gained.

Practiced huntress of the chase,
 Swift as antelope she sped ;
"Save me, gracious Mother Earth !"
 Faint with terror, Daphne plead.

Earth, her sheltering bosom opes,
Shields from sight the trembling maid,
While the god, in baffled rage,
Finds his steps presumptuous stayed.

Daphne's tears, warmed by the sun,
Gave the shining laurel birth ;
Victory's symbol, poet's crown,
Type of *mind's* transcendent worth.

THE WOOD-VIOLET.

“ There’s pansies, that’s for thought.”

FOR what art *thou*, wee violet,
In depth of sheltering forest set?
Or peeping forth from shady nook,
To melody of running brook?
And condescending sometimes, too,
To dot the fields with dainty blue,
While velvet lawn and garden plot
Oft tempt thee to some favored spot.
Thou art bewitching, as petite,
And when sweet-scented, so complete,
And so proverbially true,
The pansy fades from out my view.

THE ROSE-RASPBERRY.

HOW partial Nature is to thee,
Untrammelled forest child ;
Luxuriant anomaly,
Persistent, wayward, wild !

Spring's dewy blossoms 'neath thy gaze,
Bud, blossom, and decay,
While thine, with heightened hue gleam forth
Through lengthened summer's day.

Bright, thimble-shapen fruit ere long,
Thy honied bushes bear ;
Yet clustering near them may be seen
Thy crimson flowrets fair.

Calmly thou lookest on, and now
The summer flowers are dead ;
Thy ripened fruit and opening buds
Still dauntless lift their head.

But with November's chilling rains,
Flowers, fruit, and foliage fade ;
Winter has come ; thou hast at last
Thy debt to Nature paid.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

WHO, seeing thee, *could* e'er forget?
I loved thee when at first we met.
Frail, thou dost linger scarce a day;
“Forget me not,” thou well may'st say.

MY MADEIRA VINE.

I KNOW not whence its tropic name ;
'Tis not inscribed on scroll of fame.
Endued with life from depths below,
In solitude it learned to grow ;
Shyly it showed its waxen leaves,
As one that for seclusion grieves,
But later, finds intense delight
In all the charms of sense and sight.
Fed by the sunshine and the shower,
It grew in beauty every hour ;
No sailor at the mast could run
With more abandon toward the sun
Than did my brave Madeira vine,
The triple porches to entwine,
Forming a green, entrellised shade,
That seemed as by enchantment made.
In clustering masses, closely strung
Like seed-pearls, 'mid the leaves are hung
The tiny opening buds, fit for
The coronet of queen, or
Fitter still, to grace the head
Of maiden to the altar led.

Anon, the pent-up blossoms will
Unfold, and with their sweetness fill
The air. Oh ! fated dower of wealth,
That woos the frost-king on by stealth,
To smite the heart-shaped leaves, and bear
Away the precious pearls so fair.
But think not, hoary, thieving frost,
My fairy bower is wholly lost ;
For, pictured to my inner sight,
It stands in jeweled beauty bright.
Memory will guard my peerless vine
Forever in its sacred shrine.

TO THE DANDELION.

(*Leontodon Taraxacum.*)

HOW complex in simplicity
Thou art, oh, wondrous flower !
Compounded out of Nature's gold,
And moulding April shower.

Expanding quickly 'neath the sun's
Revivifying rays,
Coy, yet coquettish, and withal
Most clannish in thy ways.

For thou the lesson hast not learned
From lofty solitude,
To be alone, yet not alone,
By *unseen* kinship wooed.

And 'tis as well, bright star-rayed flower,
Thou art not made to soar ;
Thy glowing constellations gleam
With pure *botanic* lore.

A very child of earth thou art,
Indigenous as clay ;
Soft, sensuous, symmetrical,
With germs of swift decay.

Anon, thy pale-faced progeny,
(Like mourners for thy bier)
A feathered, fleecy, airy flock,
Shorn of thy gold, appear.

Received by Earth's maternal breast,
They, also, must await
The resurrecting power of spring,
Thy likeness to create.

Thanks, sunny flower, for thou hast warmed
To life this listless heart,
And, severed from my kind, through thee
I dwell no more apart.

THE HOLLYHOCK.

(Althea Rosea.)

FROM distant China came the hollyhock,
Or Althea Rosea, Linnæus would say.
Altho, in Greek, means cure; and thus we learn
That use, combined with beauty, is God's way.

In studying nature more, what scholars might
We be! To understand its mysteries,
We must resort where whispering winds can tell
Us what they know of flowering plants and trees.

INFLORESCENCE.

BUT yesterday the sunflowers stood,
Tall, proud, erect !
Unbending as some people are,
Or solemn sect.
Their golden petals, flat and trim,
Firm and compact,
Lay round the solid disk, intact —
Upheld with stiff and stately mien,
By calyx serrated and green.

These haughty children of the light
Loomed grandly, everywhere in sight,
And by their bearing seemed to say :
“ Look up this way !
We are the favorites of the sun,
Whose beams less honored *mortals* shun.”

* * * * *

To-day, bowed, meek, depressed they stand,
As by some curse,
Some scathing sacerdotal ban,
Or, something worse !
And thus reversed, they seem to say :
“ Look down our way,
All sublunary things decay ! ”

Their tarnished petals, fluttering, torn,
 (No longer trim)
By every passing breeze are borne ;
The calyx, once incisive, keen,
Is shriveled, dog-eared, scarcely seen,
 And far from green !
While dingy disks, devoid of rim,
 Look seedy, sere,
 And very queer.

The forms on which these blossoms rest
Bend downward, as by guilt oppressed,
 Poor reedy rods !
 Lank Ichabods,
In leaf-lorn, wind-flapped raiment rent,
Seeming to say, in drear lament,
“ The world is hollow, so are we,
All, all on earth is vanity ! ”

Inglorious scions of the sun,
Whose transitory race is run,
Mayhap, but for your *foolish pride*,
Less shabbily ye might have died.

THE ROSE.

THE rose is Juno's flower,
Born in Love's bower ;
A heart of purest gold
Her leaves enfold.

But Hebe, queen of May,
In depth of earth,
Quickened its birth.
The rose must needs be fair
Under such care !

MORNING GLORIES.

FAIRY-LIKE trumpeters, blowing at morn,
What is your pedigree? where were ye born?
Textures ye wear of most marvelous hue,
Surely the rainbow hath lent them to you!

Say, were ye banished from Eden's fair home,
Doomed with weak mortals, as wanderers, to roam?
Winding, ascending, with tear-bedewed face,
Are ye lost spirits beseeching for grace?

Phantoms ye seem, of ethereal birth,
Heavenly heralds, not offspring of earth.
Cannot the rainbow reveal you its power
To vanish as mist, to escape in the shower?

Wafted through ether ere noon-tide's high day,
Freed from the blight of the sun's scorching ray,
Ye might discover that Eden again
Which fallen humanity seeks for in vain.

THE MOON FLOWER.

LATONA, mother of the moon,
Juno, the queen at high mid-noon,
In jealous rage, from dizzying height,
Consigned to realms of endless night.

In pitying mood, the sea-god caught
Her trembling form, and quick as thought
Raised from the deep an island home,
Wherein the fugitive might roam.

Here, far from Juno's tyranny,
At Delos, in the Ægean Sea,
Latona's offspring saw the light,
Twin deities of Day and Night.

Apollo rules the fiery sun ;
Diana reigns when day is done ;
Her flower, the darling of the night,
Expands beneath the moon's soft light.

Its sea-green chalice is a star
Dropped from the realms where angels are,
To hide the virgin flower away
Until the close of garish day.

By cooling dews of evening fed,
The snowy blossom lifts its head ;
Each waxen petal swift unfolds,
Which, proud, the glittering disk upholds.

Its subtle fragrance fills the air ;
Earth never saw a flower so fair ;
Nor hath it fit abiding place
For one of such celestial race.

Diana gives, but takes its breath ;
Apollo finds it cold in death ;
Enshrouded in a starry bier ;
Fulfilled is its brief misson here.

THE WHITE CLOVER.

(*Trifolium.*)

THOU most insistent plant,
Trifoliate and trim,
Of industry the type,
In inclination, prim !
Deep down thy tiny cups
The honey-bee doth dive,
Extracting hoarded sweets
For his depleted hive.
From out thy floral spikes,
What odors of the spring
Thou dost exhale ; and, oh,
What memories they bring !

THE ADDER'S TONGUE.*

(Ophioglossum.)

THE serpent's trail doth bind thee fast
To earth, poor opening flower ;
Thou hast its pointed tongue for leaves,
A sorry birthright's dower !

No wonder that thou hidest thee
In deep, sequestered wood,
Where beech, birch, pine and maple shield
Thee, as indeed they should.

For them thy yellow lilies bloom,
Although with drooping head ;
For them thy sharpened leaves expand ;
For them thy tears are shed.

'Tis vain to pluck thy blossoms frail,
For they resist the raid,
And quickly fold their petals fair
Ere they begin to fade.

* *From the resemblance of the leaf to a serpent's tongue.*

A mottled carpet dost thou spread,
For fairy-footed May,
The Virgin's month, who will, perchance,
Thy curse bear far away.

THE MAY-FLOWER,
OR
TRAILING ARBUTUS.

OF Mary's flower, in fitting strain to sing,
I needs must penetrate the heart of spring ;
Disclose its depths ; unseal its mysteries :
Shun human haunts for whispering forest breeze,
Where supine, prostrate, are the trailing leaves
Of Epigæa,* who this name receives
Because of her appealing attitude,
Maintained without surcease in lonely wood ;
And thus she draws heaven's benediction down,
Hence have her healing virtues‡ such renown.
The health-restoring leaves are ever green,
And may all seasons of the year be seen,
Though to unearth them from the winter's snow,
One must their covert hiding places know.
In close, luxuriant masses, shyly peer
The waxen buds when May-birds first appear.

* *From Epi-upon, and ge-the earth ; from its prostrate habit.*

‡ *The root and the leaves are said to have rare curative properties.*

They cannot blossom, it is said, till then,
For ever since our Savior's death, and when
In resurrecting power, the earth awakes
From winter's sleep, and Easter gladness takes
The place of Lenten fast, at Mary's smile,
Her flowers, all tremulous with joy the while,
Expand, exhaling dewy odors sweet,
As sign of homage and devotion meet.
The universe with subtle sense of spring
Is filled, and animates each living thing ;
Our pulses seem, with life renewed, to leap,
As with her flower, May's festival we keep.

A PLEA FOR OUR NATIONAL EMBLEM.

Well might our land May's fragrant blossom choose,
To be her floral emblem. Would it lose
Thereby that matchless grace—humility?
The May-flower bore across the billowy sea
Our Pilgrim Fathers, by the grace of God ;
Their ensign lifted not the golden-rod.
The nation's sign should not be tarnished gold,
With poisoned emanations* in it hold ;
A beacon, pointing to the world's far west,
As Eldorado, needs refiner's test.
Its gold should be from base admixture free ;
Its motto — purity, fraternity.

** The golden-rod gives out poisonous emanations.*

France bears aloft her fragrant fleur-de-lis,
Delight of humming-bird and honey-bee.
Competing, let us bear some beauteous flower,
As symbol true of Freedom's glorious dower.
If sweet arbutus be the choice of few,
We can, at least, the golden-rod eschew,
Then, too, our Epigæa might refuse,
Compelling us another flower to choose.
The sunflower might, indeed, have prior claim,
For stature, also for its golden name;
For cosmopolitan and world-wide lore,
I would the cosmos take and search no more;
Her growth, which doth all other plants outvie,
Our country's magnitude would typify,
And though indigenous to every land,
We, too, all nationalities command.
For cosmos, then, we make our earnest plea,
And trust the nation's arbiters will see
The reason why we feel immediate need
To have it take the place of noxious weed.

NATURE

PART II—CHANGES

NATURE'S TEACHINGS.

VEILED in soft beauty Nature lies ;
Her balm I seek, for ear and eyes
Are sated with the restless crowd,
The altercations fierce and loud,
Where greed of gain, desire for wealth,
Banish peace, happiness and health.

Dear mother earth, upon thy breast
I seek reflection's calming rest.
World-weary, I have come to learn
The meaning of life's lesson stern ;
Strengthened by thy maternal care,
I shall not yield to dread despair.
A thousand thoughts within me burn,
As longingly to thee I turn ;
Fain would I weave in harmony
The complex threads of destiny.
What though my days are but a span —
Shapen aright, they surely can
And will a glorious harvest yield.
Do not the lilies of the field,
Each blade of grass, each shrub and tree,
Speak silently this truth to me ?

Nature, in her dominion wide,
Doth riches lavishly provide.
How comforting her kindly sway
If we her gentle voice obey !
She bids me be of heart again,
And proffers panacea for pain.
She whispers, *patiently to wait*,
While weaving at the web of fate,
Until the tangled threads unite
And blend in diverse forms aright.
Thus life's completed tapestry
In warp and woof shall perfect be.

*

THE DEATH OF THE LEAVES.

RIGHT royally robed in scarlet and gold,
Battalions of leaves to my vision unfold ;
How they whirl ! How they fly ! Obeying the call
Of their mother, the earth, on whose bosom they fall.

Yet myriads are clad in colors severe,
Mayhap in lament of the death that draws near ;
For as shelter and shield from the midsummer's sun,
Their mission is ended, their life-work is done.

But why do I say that " their life-work is done " ?
When truthfully pondered 'tis only begun.
Their use is but changed from the tree to the ground,
And mighty the service which now they have found !

Uniting their fibers so filmy and fine,
From oak and from maple, from tendril and vine,
Rich tapestries fling they o'er forest and glen,
Outvying portrayal by pencil or pen.

*

What exquisite carpet for green-wooded aisles !
How dextrously spread amid rocky defiles !
While the surplus is woven by birds into nests,
As offerings votive — the Leaves' last bequests.

Oh, wonderful leaflets that shimmer and shine,
Whose shadings of green are now ruby as wine,
Or yellow as gold, or brown russet sere,
The lessons ye teach me are pricelessly dear.

The study, though complex, so rich is in thought ;
With wisdom of ages it seemeth inwrought ;
How well if our " life-work " when death draweth
near,
Like the leaves shall in vistas extended appear !

MY PORCH HANGINGS.

A DRAPING of scarlet and gold
My beautiful porch doth enfold,
While shadings of russet and green
Are skillfully woven between.

The filaments recklessly run
(As though further labor to shun)
Over ceiling, window and roof,
Like children fleeing reproof.

No artist could fashion a screen
More fit for fairy or queen,
And, seen through the sun's glowing light,
'Tis brightness to dazzle the sight.

As the winds lightly blow
The boughs to and fro,
No words can portray
The rhythmical sway,
The musical play
Of these marvelous shades,
As the daylight slow fades.

'Tis beauty too fragile to last ;
The sun even now is o'er cast,
Preparing to carry away
My hangings so gorgeously gay.

Tomorrow Jack Frost will appear ;
Alas ! and alack ! and oh dear !
My spirit protestingly grieves
To lose my enclosure of leaves.

OUR TREE.

OUR dwelling, an eight-gabled mansion,
Is rambling and quaint as can be ;
And close by the favorite window
There grows a remarkable tree.

In autumn, bewidowed and childless,
She changeth her garment of green
For grief-robe of brown-tinted yellow,
Her sorrow and sadness to screen.

But the winds rudely rend it to tatters,
And leave her uncovered and bare ;
Grand, gloomy and pulseless, she standeth
Alone in her silent despair.

As paralyzed, all through the winter,
She heedeth nor tempest nor snow,
Inviting no ray of the sunlight
That seeketh an entrance below ; —

Till, touched by the coming of April,
Awakened by breath of the spring,
Transformed and renewed, recreated,
What magical changes they bring !

Behold now her radiant leafage,
Of verdurous, satiny sheen ;
Truncated, twin-lobèd, safe guarding
The blossoms which yet are unseen.

Soon, kissed by the breeze and the sunshine,
The wonderful tulips appear ;
Expanding, enchanting, entrancing,
A marvel of marvels is here !

The mater (no more dolorosa)
Her progeny counts by the score ;
Who could dream that our liriodendron*
Held latent such fruitage in store.

* *Literally lily tree.*

A FROST PICTURE.

TWO crystal pedestals, attached to feet
Whose bloodless veins are filled with icy sleet,
Dangling like culprits 'twixt the earth and sky,
Framed in my window pane, attract the eye.
How queer and quaint, upon the arrested sight,
These headless limbs appear, pierced by the light !
Grotesque, yet human, too, as though stopped short
While in pursuit of something come to naught ;
Imprisoned now, mid landscape cold and still,
Bound to the window with consummate skill.

Beyond, like stern grim sentinels, the pines,
Encircling hill and dale, the view confines ;
Snow-drifts to right, and snowy heaps to left,
A portraiture t'would seem of life bereft.
But no ! Nature's great heart is beating yet ;
Her sun, now brightly shining, doth but set
Too soon for us awhile, and sends its beams
To other lands, to give us time for dreams.
The cloudless canopy of blue above
(An all-embracing dome) the Father's love
Bespeaks, which permeates all space, all climes.

In His wise hands all seasons are, all times,
And so, should circumstance arrest our steps
And seem to stop our onward way, e'en depths
Of solitude and winter snows may teach
The eager soul its destined place to reach ;
While figures chiseled by the artist, Frost,
Brought to our vision without labor, cost,
Can give an impetus to living thought,
Which may in divers patterns be inwrought.

ARABESQUE ARCHITECTURE.

WOULD'ST see our arabesque-roofèd abode?
(For this, you must know, is now all the mode.)
Of the beauteous carving you surely would rave,
If seen upon altar, pulpit or nave.
It glistens, and glitters, and shineth afar,
As proudly competing with planet or star:
The while, as endued by some magical power,
It changes expression, t'would seem, every hour.
Sometimes it is massive, redundantly so;
Anon, in the sunlight it vanishes slow,
Dripping, and drooping, and dropping apart,
Defying all precedents laid down in art.
Again, through some latent or cohesive spell,
Or sculptor invisible, (pray can you tell?)
Reforming, reshaping stalactites so strong,
To grotto enchanted they seem to belong.
'Tis Beauty's delusion most transient, I know,
Yet wealth of pure pleasure as outcome doth flow;
Transferred to the vision, 'twill often appear
In glory enduring, of retrospect clear.
Though roof may be shorn of its arabesque weight,
Tomorrow great Nature will new joys create;
So wait we with reverent and wondering awe,
For contrasts are cheering, though icicles thaw.

THE PRIMAL AGE

I DID not know, till poet friend
 Revealed it to my wondering eye,
That in the pictures which are made
 By Frost, the water age doth lie.

These curious tracteries are now
 With speculations interwrought,
Concerning this primeval age,
 Ere God from chaos order brought.

And since, I cannot tell you how
 It doth my fantasy enchain,
To study this revealing of
 Earth's growth upon my window pane.

ENCHANTMENT.

A PERFECT picture meets my waking eye !
The midnight shower, caught in its downward
way
By cunning Frost, enwraps the gray
Of warrior trees in glistening panoply
Of silver mail ; while pointing to the sky,
Illumined by the sun's transforming ray,
Their sharpened spears so proudly held at bay,
Arrest the sight of every passer-by.
'Tis jeweled glory fit for crownèd queen !
The tender twigs droop 'neath the unwonted weight
Of icy armor, shedding pearly tears,
Which drop by drop the pitying winds, unseen,
Convey to earth where woes of king and state
Shall lie till Life's whole pageant disappears.

PATRICIAN SPINNERS.

SPINNERS in myriad numbers are near ;
List to the reeling that falls on the ear ;
Some work their looms amid meadow and brook ;
Others, selecting sequestering nook,
Weave at their leisure in brook or in tree,
Chirping while working, outvying the bee.
Time have they never for frolic or play,
Ceaselessly forming, by night and by day,
Filmy-like fibers too fine for the sight,
Wrought into fabrics for fairies' delight.
Grasshopper, cricket, whatever thou art,
Aurora, they tell us, laid siege to thy heart ;
Changed thy proportions to this which we see,
From world-renowned Trojan of rare pedigree.
But the sad tale of Tithonous (such was his name)
I'll briefly compile from the annals of fame,
That all may respect the Gryllidæ* queer,
As reason, with rhythm, shall render it clear.

* *Family name of the cricket and grasshopper.*

As soon as the heart of the prince she had won,
The goddess espoused him (the legend doth run);
Whereon he implored her, petition the Fates
To make him immortal, mythology states.
But failing to ask that his youth should remain,
Time found him a captive to dotage and pain;
For Death, at the Destiny's will, passed him by,
Unheeding his plea, not to live but to die.
Aurora, to hide the distortions of age,
Transformed him, in pity, to grasshopper sage.

* * * * *

The years hasten on; proud empires decay;
Yet still at his loom he worketh away;
He and his progeny drearily reel,
Endlessly turning Fate's Ixion-wheel.

MARCH.

THE fermentative days have come ;
All nature out of gear ;
Blows and commotions everywhere ;
'Tis cheerless, chill and drear.

We call it spring ! What's in a name ?
Sage Shakespeare could not tell.
A blizzard-blowing fiend doth reign ;
This fact we know full well.

Displacer of stern winter's rule,
Routing the snow and ice,
Both using and abusing them
With devilish device.

And should they chance to disappear
In vernal, warming thaws,
Presto ! he calls them back, nor deigns
A reason or a cause.

What lesson, Nature, may we learn
From this destructive king,
Who giveth winds high carnival
And makes a jest of spring?

Point of Chaos etc. etc.

Awaiting answer, this I heard:

No change occurs in vain,
And gentler April's fitful moods,
Though born in throes of pain.

Give birth in turn to genial May,
Bright, laughing, happy May,
Wherein the resurrected earth
Her mysteries display.

As harrow to unyielding soil,
As leaven unto bread,
So is this fermentative month
Which fills the world with dread.

WHITHER.

BEAUTIFUL butterfly, whither so fast?
 Creature of summer from chrysalis cast,
 Joy in the present, for past is thy spring;
 'Thou hast no future, ephemeral thing.

Wondrously spun are thy gossamer sails,
 Fluttering and flying mid sunshiny gales,
 Speeding so lightly o'er billows of air,
 Fairy-manned mariner, what dost thou bear?

Soulless creation, say, how *canst* thou know
 "Whither," or that thou shalt soon be laid low?
 I am immortal! Where thy journey ends,
 Mine with the bliss of futurity blends.

Life for fair Summer's Paradise
 Of rosy rich colors and
 Blue from your wings and wings and dew
 Castings from glory land loyal and true

Immense creation, with her report
 Of her breath and heart of her heart
 Of my mission to earth and air

THE HARVEST MOON.

FAIR harvest moon, whose silvery gaze
 Fills me with wonder and amaze,
 What peaceful calm, *dream-like*
 What subtle charm,
 What memories thou dost embalm !

Thy stately Virgin Majesty,
 From passion free
 Serenely sails o'er land and sea.
 Thou knowest naught of earth-born pain ;
 To woo thy sympathy were vain ;
 What are fond lovers' sighs to thee
 Who never knew Love's ecstasy ?

~~Benignant~~ *is thy gentle sway,*
 Though cold and chill ;
 By human ill

Unmoved; ~~Yet dost thou strangely fill~~ *and strangely fill*
 My throbbing breast
 With sense of rest !

A starry host attendeth thee
In yonder sparkling canopy,
Eager to bear thy fleecy train
Until the morning come again.

Farewell, sail on from east to west !
Mine eyelids droop, with sleep oppressed ;
~~Sated with wonder and amaze,~~ ✂
No longer can I bear thy gaze.

Approved by the Publishing Dept.

A FOREST SQUIRRILOQUY.

A SQUIRREL and a blue-jay met
Upon a tall pine tree ;
“Halloo ! my friend, ” the squirrel says,
“How fares your majesty ? ”

The blue-jay’s feathers swell with scorn,
Hushed are his notes of glee ;
“How dare such four-legged thing,” he shrieks,
“Claim comradeship with me ? ”

The squirrel whisks his bushy tail,
Sits upright on the bough,
Blinks saucily, and then replies :
“How do you like me now ? ”

Adown the squirrel’s hairy coat,
O’er his own plumage gay,
Blue-jay darts fierce, contrasting looks,
Then proudly soars away.

As antidote to heal the hurt
Of this most cruel cut,
The squirrel from the pine tree's trunk
Ferrets a savory nut.

Gnawing away reflectively,
With sage, uplifted paw,
A startled crow goes whizzing by,
With frightened "caw, caw, caw!"

Bang! Limbs, eyes, tail are all alert;
He seeks his turret door,
And quickly scales the barricade
Built by his winter's store.

Peering forth furtively from this,
His castle's safe retreat,
Far down, behold the proud jay lies
Dead at the hunter's feet.

Soliloquizing thus, he spake:
"Oh, foolish dandy jay,
You'd better far been born as I,
A simple squirrel gray."

Nor man, nor beast, nor animal,
Much less a blue-jay small,
Can safely set at nought the truth,
"That pride must have a fall."

EMULATION.

AT break of day I rise,
That phantoms of the night
May vanish with the sun's
Electrifying light.

And now a mellow glow
The sullen landscape clears ;
The King at last has come,
And darkness disappears.

Rejoicing anthems loud
Peal through the summer air,
And find an echo in my heart,
Dispelling every care.

I'll emulate your notes,
Ye feathered songsters sweet ;
'Tis fit in songs of praise
His majesty to greet.

THE FESTIVAL OF AUTUMN.

AUTUMNAL days again are here,
The summer blossoms disappear,
Exhaling still their balmy breath
In memory of Beauty's death.
Chrysanthemums and asters proud,
Her dying Majesty enshroud,
Forbidding Love's regretful tear,
So vainly shed o'er Summer's bier.
The air is filled with odors sweet ;
Crimson and gold the vision meet.
Birds, singing gayly ere their flight,
Add music to the joys of sight.
The fields, bedecked with emerald green,
Mid ripened sheaves of grain are seen,
And trailing vines, the weighty mold
Of ponderous pumpkins trembling hold,
Whose yellow faces hedge the way,
Like lurking Indians at bay,
Guarding their trail with stern rebuff,
Encased in epidermis tough.
Fruit-laden trees o'er hill and glade,
Invite us to their cooling shade,
While Bacchus, ivy-crowned, presents
The vintage cup 'neath fir trees dense.

Satyrs and Fauns his nod obey ;
To vineyards fair he leads the way,
Where ruby grapes, in clusters hung,
Recall weird myths by shepherds sung,
Of Pan, their sylvan deity,
Whose reedy pipe, blown o'er the lea,
Gives signal of supreme command,
And bears them off to wonder-land.
Here, fanned by flame of Psyche's fire,
The Satyrs at Apollo's lyre,
Dance to the nightingale's loud call,
Which echoes through their forest hall.
Flora and Zeph'rus were there,
Pomona, too, and Dian fair ;
Echo and Syrinx, loved by Pan,
With vine-clad Bacchæ sporting ran,
Or with coquettish, elfish glance,
Joined in the mazy midnight dance.
But with Aurora's earliest beams,
Vanish the shepherds' harvest dreams.

Enchanting season, set apart
For fairy fantasies thou art !
When Nature, clad in best array,
Keeps mellow Autumn's holiday,
Then let us follow in her train,
For soon stern winter comes again.

A PEN PICTURE DRAWN FROM MY STUDY
WINDOW.

SEE yonder stately pines, how firm they stand,
Upheld so royally by Nature's hand !
Clear mirrored by the sun's mercurial glass,
Their shadows fall aslant the velvet grass,
Beneath whose restful shade, contented cows
Chewing reflective cud, at leisure browse.
With deafening caw, caw, caw, and wild career,
The gypsies of the air held conclave here ;
Their aerial tent deserted now and still,
Save by the plaintive note of whip-poor-will,
On topmost boughs was spread, while to and fro,
Pluming their sable wings for flight, they go
On daring plunder bent. Poor wandering crows !
So high above the law's resistless blows,
Fearing nor whistling winds, nor lightning's flash,
And chattering loudest mid the thunder's crash,
The cruel hunter marked you for his prey,
And ye have fled in terror, far away !
Shrewd man, though with the elements at strife,
Holds sovereign sway o'er all inferior life.

Unmoved by cawing crow or lowing kine,
Still stand, like sentinels in solemn line,
My tall, majestic pines, guarding the way
With ceaseless vigilance, by night and day.
Thither the winds convene to weep and sigh,
Lifting sad voices to the shoreless sky.
Like land-locked sea, the pent-up currents meet,
Whose angry billows, forced to beat retreat
In wild commotion and in loud rebound,
A wealth of shell-shaped cones dash to the ground,
Scattering to earth the rusted needled leaves
Rejected by the thrifty, vigorous trees.
Anon, a silence rests o'er hill and glade,
In ermined robes my pines are now arrayed.
With regal air, and bearing proudly cold,
Their scepters (glistening icicles), they hold ;
Set are their coronets with diamonds bright,
Sparkling in rainbow-hues of haloed light.
The sheeted snow upon the landscape falls,
While cattle, driven to their cheerless stalls,
No longer in the vaulted grove are seen ;
Winter has robbed them of their pastures green.
The bladed grass, in frosted coat of mail,
Is shielded from the tempest and the hail,
In death-like slumber destined to remain
Till wakening spring instil new life again.
Unharm'd, from out their royal robes, still shines
The fadeless verdure of my noble pines.

Each changing season lends some subtle charm
To their unchanging forms, so grandly calm !
Not Ophir's gold, or spoils of India, could
Replace the loss of this sequestered wood,
So rich in wealth of thought and memories keen ;
And though my tenure be but poet's lien,
Words can but picture to the eye and ear
The sights and sounds which render it so dear.

MOODS

PHILOSOPHY IN SONG.

I ENTERED my parlor one day,
With thought on the wing ;
I'll capture the vagrant, I cried,
And teach it to sing.

Its cage shall be melody's bars ;
If left free to soar,
T'will vanish away in the air,
Be mine nevermore.

At last, after patience and pains,
The truant I caught,
But never a prisoner, I ween,
Less happiness brought.

The music was not of the spheres,
But passionless, tame ;
Though rhythmic, it failed to inspire ;
'Twas verse but in name.

Dispirited, strangely oppressed,
As my soul it had read,
Flew in at the casement a bird,
And perched overhead.

He eyed me with curious glance,
As much as to say,
“ Like thought you will bind me I know,
And so I'll away.”

But, lo ! he was caught and engaged ;
His singing was low,
Sweet cadenced, pathetic and sad
As presage of woe.

He pineth for freedom, I said,
Wide-opening his door,
And swiftly he sped, while his loss
I could but deplore ;—

Till wafted through ether, there came
The song of the bird
I sought to enchain, and these are
The words that I heard :

“ Left free to have mounted, your thought,
Brought back through the air,
Had returned all unsought, to be wrought
Into fantasies rare.”

SOME DAY.

THE current of my pent-up thought,
Repressed and held at bay,
With strengthened power will overflow
I know, some future day.

For streams, enlarged by rivulet,
Swell as they onward go,
And feed at last the hungry sea
With their impetuous flow.

Why should I not wait patiently
For this expectant day?
Whenever time is fully ripe
There can be no delay!

A CELESTIAL COLLOQUY.

AT day-break one morning, the Sun and Moon met,
One ready to rise — the other to set.
The Sun from a cloud-bath emerged all aglow,
While Luna was pale as the snow-fields below.

Quoth the Sun : “ My fair lady, you must not forget
That using my moments doth plunge you in debt.”
Diana’s soft glance grew cold, as she said :
“ Behold my last quarter ! ” and scornfully fled.

PREDICTION.

ERE Life's frail bark shall reach celestial shore,
The future pictures lurid days in store,
E'en now, upon my quickened spirit ear,
The sound of storm-incoming days I hear.
Prophetic vision, through the lightning's flash,
Sees ghostly, white-capped billows madly dash
Against the helpless craft, which strives in vain
To steer its course toward some safe port again.
Above the angry sea, the darkening sky,
There dwelleth One who hears His children's cry ;
His is the rescuing hand in time of need,
The winds may bend, not break the bruised reed.

SILENCE.

SILENCE is highest wisdom !
Charged with results which time cannot efface,
Outborne by currents permeating space,
Our thoughts may travel freed from weight of speech,
And swiftly bear the lesson they would teach.

'Twas God commanded silence !
Thus, only man may hear Truth's sovereign voice,
And in his higher attributes rejoice.
He cannot realize his destined end
Till Past and Present with the Future blend.

Silence is speech concealed !
Where darkness disappears in radiant light,
Angelic hosts bow to its voiceless might,
Until the music of the spheres is heard,
Unbroken by disturbing sound of word.

God giveth in the silence ;
Bestowing patience upon those who wait,
And Love, which banisheth revengeful hate ;
While in her train all lesser gifts we find,
With which to elevate and bless mankind.

Nature enjoineth silence,
Wherein the beating of her mighty heart
Proclaimeth that she is of God a part.
Each tiny blade of grass, each shrub and tree,
Contains a world of thought for you and me.

Wait then, my soul, in silence !
Launch forth undaunted, on her mighty sea
Fear not, though wave, engulfing, compass thee.
Beyond, a tide shall bear thee safe to shore,
Freighted with wealth of pure celestial lore !

ON WATCHING THE PHOSPHORIC LIGHT
IN THE GULF STREAM.

LIGHT of the Gulf Stream, called phosphorescent ;
Picture of Life's dream most evanescent ;
Beautiful phantom, sailing so brightly,
Dancing o'er ocean, skimming so lightly.

Whither, oh whither, quintessence so fair?
Art thou creation of earth or of air?
Art thou that Pleiad lost from the seven,
Or luminous meteor fallen from heaven?

Must thou thus ever unceasingly roam
Like wandering fatuus, far from thy home?
Image of beauty, come tell me, I pray,
Wherefore and whither art sailing away?

"Mortal, the mermaids that dwell in the sea
Have cast, through their charms, a spell over me.
Banished from heaven, propelled by the air,
I came down and decked them with diadems rare.

“ From my star-bedecked fleece these fairies have spun
Gossamer draperies bright as the sun ;
They sing me in voices entrancingly low,
As lightly over the billows we go.”

So these are the silvery accents I hear,
Enchanting the senses and soothing the ear.
O would that we mortals, on Life's changing sea,
Might glide o'er its waters as happy and free !

A STRIFE.

TO LINDA C——.

THE past, dear L——, consign to Lethe's stream,
For wisdom teaches that we should forget.
The present is our legacy, and yet
Bequeathed that we its treasures may redeem.
It is not, therefore, given that we should dream
The hours away, but rather, that we get
The most of life from life. Though so beset
Is it with change that, truly, it doth seem
Scarce worth the price. The swiftly passing years
Meter out their dole of pleasure and of pain,
Each seeking to attain supremacy.
As clouds the sunshine, smiles by falling tears
Are chased. A strife it is 'twixt loss and gain,
Till spirit subjugates mortality.

DISCRETION.

GOD is His own interpreter
To make His purpose plain ;
Then wait upon him patiently ;
Thou shalt not wait in vain.

He will unfold His truths divine,
And teach thee all His will ;
Draw from this overflowing fount,
And though like shallow rill,

Thy bed of thought will be enlarged,
And broader, deeper grow,
While streams of universal lore
Within its depths shall flow.

Now, like the boundless sea, thy mind,
Unfathomed as its deep,
Shall gems of priceless value hold,
Which thou must guarded keep ;

Till heavenly wisdom doth suggest
How they shall shapen be,
And when to draw them forth, for those
Who can their beauty see.

MY SILENT FRIEND.

A FLOWER of gold I here enclose,
Attached to emerald leaf. I chose
It love, to cheer and chide thee, too,
Perchance 'twill warm thy heart anew ;
For silent as the souls that dwell
In space thou art. They cannot well
Make interchanges due on earth !
Did'st know this bonny month, by birth,
Is mine, and that I claim its flowers,
Its dewdrops, and its fruitful showers ?
If thou return no sign thou still
Dost live, thy place I needs must fill.

THE OCEAN OF LIFE.

I AM sailing afar on uncertainty's sea,
Seeking to fathom Life's strange mystery,
To sound with my plummet both substance and sham,
With my mariner's chart to find where I am.

Through billowy depths my pathway doth lie ;
The port is beyond, unseen to the eye ;
'Tis death to retreat, so onward I sail ;
My Captain hath promised that I shall prevail.

Invisible, know I full well He is near ;
With Him at the helm, undaunted I'll steer.
Down, cowardly doubt ! I shall yet reach the land ;
My vessel is safe in His guiding hand !

MY BIRDLINGS.

OUT of the nest have they gone,
My birdlings all,
Nor heed they my call,
Albeit of danger I warn.

Each goeth a separate way,
Pluming their wings,
Innocent things,
Impatient of any delay.

Watching their varying flight,
Hither and yon,
Lighting upon
Whatever attracteth their sight ;


Never again to return
Sadly I say,
Filled with dismay,
The hearth-fire to ashes doth burn.

Though hidden away from my view,
 Shall I repine,
 Spirit divine ?
What wilt thou have me to do ?

Nothing is hidden from Thee.
 Watch o'er their flight,
 Guide them aright,
Whether by land or by sea.

Trusting Thy promises sure,
 Onward I go,
 Full well I know,
I to the end shall endure.

What though all earth-fies give way,
 So I fulfill
 God's holy will ;
Night shall yet yield to the day.



“THOU SHALT NOT KILL.”

“THOU shalt not kill,” the Decalogue
Doth most expressly state.
But I have slain a fiendish foe,
As by decree of fate.

And this is how it came about :
Avoiding wholesome light,
The villain came with base intent,
And sought me out at night.

I shudder now, as I recall
The unexpected shock,
Which roused me from my peaceful sleep
At midnight, by the clock.

For I shall ne'er forget that sound,
So sibilant and dread !
With hair on end, each sense alert,
I sprang from out the bed.

And then and there I vowed a vow :

 This demon I'll defy,
Cause him to suffer in my stead,
 Make him lose blood, not I.

How long I watched, and patiently,
 Time knows, as he went by.
Meanwhile eluding me, the imp
 Dashed off upon the fly.

At last, but oh how warily,
 He poised on my left palm,
I glory now in retrospect,
 That I remained so calm,

And thus brought down that dextrous blow,
 So swiftly and so pat,
Which stained me with mosquito blood,
 But laid him out so flat.

Could we his whole infernal brood
 From earth to sheol send,
What suffering to the human race
 On sultry nights, would end !

ADVICE.

A RHYTHMICAL PROVERB.

THE foolish world loves pomp and show,
Rewardeth good for good, I know;
But friends retreat from brethren poor,
Who often beg from door to door.

The giver seeketh those who give,
In this queer planet where we live ;
And money maketh hosts of friends,
Though at the cost of him who spends.

For Mammon always gets his price ;
Then take who will this free advice :
'Twere best to Wisdom pay a toll,
Than jeopardize a priceless soul.

WANT.

HOW cometh want ; this cruel foe,
Which meets us wheresoe'er we go,
In leaking roof and broken pane,
In wasted field and weedy lane ?

This question I had pondered well,
When Wisdom's voice upon me fell ;
" The slothful, could they understand,
In slumber barter house and land."

For Riches meanwhile spreads her wings,
But leaves a guest that terror brings :
Grim Want, a ruthless sentinel,
Who henceforth holds the citadel.

SMOKE SUBLIMATED.

SILENT he smoked, as one who would forget,
While graceful, winding wreaths my vision met.
Ere long the grosser substance burned away,
And in a heap of smoldering ashes lay ;
Still stealing up and on, the curling smoke
Within my brain a thousand fancies woke.
United, yet in never-ceasing strife,
Spirit and substance are, in mortal life ;
Fire, purifying, sets the spirit free,
Till then, the grosser part is all we see.

So, from the ashes of our hopes oft rise
Weird wreaths of mystic fancies, which our eyes,
To heaven uplifted, eager watch until
In vaporous mist they disappear, but fill
The restless soul the while with purest peace,
As it from fretful flesh had won release.

Then let us not at sight, despise or deem
That common or unclean, which, though it seem
To be viewed only with material eye,
May hold the germ of thought that cannot die ;
Which touched by disembodying spark divine,
Can lift us from this sublunary earth
To heights Pierian, where Thought claims birth.

LOVE

6
Lapsed

you seek a true Transcendence in spirit;
To find the oceans depths the skies to reach -
The power that breathes through each
subtle force that gave Creation birth
And sets hearts in harmony divine
When this all other gifts are mine

DIVINE LOVE.

LOVE divine, all Love excelling,
Be in me a fount indwelling
Which shall send forth streams of light,
Fertilizing, making bright,
Weary, gloomy souls oppressed,
Comforting the lonely breast.

May its outflow wisely go,
Not in useless overflow ;
Free from self-love let it be,
Pure and sparkling fresh from thee ;
Then may I to love-lorn hearts
Give the joy such love imparts.

THE DIFFERENCE.

TO love with all the soul's intensity
Is God-like. God is Love ! Oh gift divine,
Fill with thy sacred flame this heart of mine,
Until existence shall transmuted be,
Revivified and glorified by thee ;
Who art Life's life, its subtle essence fine,
Wherein uniting, Faith and Hope combine
To pledge to mortal, immortality !

To be loved is a human cry, I know ;
It is the ultimate of bliss below ;
But oft it binds the heart in slavery !
It is the giver only who is free.
God's lever to uplift our fallen race
Is selfless Love, which conquers Time and Space.

LOVE CANNOT DIE.

LOVE never dies !
Albeit the idols from their niches fall,
And leave the soul enrobed in sabled pall.

Love is of God.
'Tis born above, descendeth from the sky ;
It is immortal, therefore cannot die !

Love glorifies,
And so sheds luster o'er the dreariest way,
Chasing dull care with its celestial ray.

Who hath not loved,
Hath groped among the shadows of the night,
Hath missed from joyous day its gracious light.

Not to have loved
Is to have lost the perfume of the rose,
Whose hidden sweets love only can disclose.

Love lives for aye.
Though hidden be its germ in depths below,
Shall ye not reap that which in tears ye sow?

Love ever lives.
Thus in my saddest hour I solace find.
With rosemary of remembrance fair entwined,

My absent Love,
My fallen idol, riseth new to life ;
Bends o'er me while I sleep from wearying strife.

Love is God's gift,
Is whispered softly, so can never die ;
'Twill bloom with added beauty bye and bye.

IF.

WHY loved I thee?
I cannot say. It was to be!
How loved I thee?
No form of speech the how can teach.
Deep as the sea,
Fervid as fire,
Pure as the snow —
Woe, woe, is me!
A funeral pyre that burned till, lo!
An ashen heap
Whereon to keep
Pansies for thought, with myrrh inwrought.
A sorrowing joy,
Oh, strange alloy!
Still, still it lies, 'neath leaden skies.
Cremated bliss! Can love like this,
Mid favored skies, again arise?

Some star-lit night,
Borne by the breeze,
I'll wing my flight
Through airy seas,
And seek the spot
Where springs the dawn, and love was born.

If there I learn the how and why,
And ascertain, with glad surprise,
That this dead love again will rise,
Through nether sky, I'll swiftly fly,
And whisper it with heart aglow,
To one who loved me well, I know.

MEMORIES.

WHAT though my Love and I should meet no
more,

Have we not wealth of soulful days in store?
Of dreamful days, over a sunlit sea,
When it was Paradise enough, to be?

And so across the storm-tossed years of time,
I send affection's greeting, framed in rhyme.
Enough if it but show that Love, o'erpast,
May treasure memories which forever last.

“DRIFTED APART.”

“**D**rifted apart,” friend of my heart !
Drifted apart, did you sáy ? Art
Thou to blame, that Love’s hallowed flame, .
By fuel Elysian fed,
Has flickered — is dead ?

Or is it I ? Soul, make reply !
Far from me truly is he. Streams that divide,
Full well I know
Change as they flow,
Leaving drear distances wide.

Vain is retreat ! Timid the feet,
Feeble, unworthy and base, that in life’s race
Retrogress — turn.
Though friend or foe deal stinging blow,
Onward true heroes must go !

SEA AND SHORE.

An outflow of H. H's "Tides."

I CANNOT sleep, dear Love, for thoughts of thee
Are filling heart and brain. My pulses beat,
And a wild longing comes to find retreat
And shelter on thy breast. Would I might flee
To thy strong arms! For thou art like the sea;
While I, the shore, may not go out to meet
Thy warm embrace. Nay, howsoever sweet,
I must resist Love's tide, and lonely see
Thee turn away to some far distant shore.
Revolving time may bring thee back, and yet
How doth my heart and soul misgive me lest
The tidal waves, receding, leap no more!
If so it be, perchance I may forget;
Heart of my heart, can Fate give sterner test?

AH ME !

HE needed laughter and I gave him tears,
Which unto Melancholy's train belong ;
The while, his soul cried out for mirth and song ;
For something that could scatter darkening fears ;
For Hope's bright face which like the sunshine
cheers.

Ah me, I did his nature grievous wrong !
But why this strain of penitence prolong ?
The pity of it all the more appears.
And yet, as warning, it may serve to mold
Some thought for those who Love's frail blossoms hold.
Would you retain them, no diapason sad
Must thrill the heart-strings. Lightest notes and
glad
Are far the best. Affection's undertow
Avoid, lest lachrymosal glands o'erflow !

MNEMOSYNE.

BY powerful and subtle spell o'ercast,
Mnemosyne hath captured, bound me fast !
Holding her mirror to my inner sight,
With pictured images of rare delight,
Visions of perfect days, without alloy,
Of Life, electrified with new-found joy,
Beatified by Love's transforming power,
When, roseate-tinted, flew each blissful hour.
As tribute placed upon thy sacred shrine,
Which I with pansies' emblemed thought entwine,
My grateful homage do I bring to thee,
Bewitching goddess, fair Mnemosyne !
With skill more potent than magician's charm,
Hast thou this respite of nepenthic calm
Accorded me — a blissful interlude
To nerve my spirit for some sterner mood.
E'en though its sun-lit pictures fade away,
I owe to thee, at least, this peerless day !
Receding, precious treasures thou dost bear,
Which, trustful, leave I to thy guardian care.

NIMMERMEHR.

PROPELLED by thoughts long held at bay,
My soul was borne one summer day
Across the ocean's pathless deep,
Whose waves a requiem seemed to keep,
With this refrain, "Ah, nevermore!"
At last I reached a sunny shore.
And now, released from doubt's dull pain,
Believing, trusting once again,
The wingèd hours sped swiftly by
Beneath that glowing, tropic sky;
But all too soon the vision fled.
"God help me!" bitterly I said,
For well I know nor earth, nor sea,
Can resurrect dead love for me!

SIC SEMPER.

“**E**NTREAT me not to leave thee, Love !” he
cried,

“ For thou hast life uplifted, glorified !
Near thee, as in some safely sheltered nest,
Storm-tossed and weary, find I refuge, rest.”

Anon ! 'twas I who needed rest, repose,
For trusted friends had turned to bitterest foes ;
But calm, he watched me breasting wildest sea,
Nor once did he essay to rescue me !

AWAKENED.

FOR Love's pure gold, received I base alloy;
But all unconscious, with transcendent joy,
I bore the semblance to my inmost heart,
Till of my being it became a part.

So pure and true it seemed! How could I deem
That false which had fulfilled Life's dream?
But Sorrow's crucible betrayed the dross,
And since, I count as naught all other loss.

MORTORIO.

HASTEN the obsequies,
True love is dead !
Linger till "ashes to
Ashes" is said.

"Earth unto earth," let it
Deep buried lie ;
Wherefore lament, doth not
All nature die ?

Mayhap, like seed that is
Sown in the spring,
Harvest of new loves, the
Old love will bring.

“IF WE HAD NEVER MET.”

“HAD we but lived our lives throughout,
And never chanced to meet,”
What think you, friend, would life have been
More bitter, or more sweet?

I cannot speak for you, but for
Myself, 'neath skies of gray,
Would God that we had never met!
I would not dare to say.

“And why,” you ask. Then I'll essay
To tell you frankly why,
Though prudent reason vainly seeks
To baffle my reply.

Because life was intensified
By Passion's fiery flame,
And, lived below its surface calm,
Was nevermore the same.

With Love, my slumbering soul awoke
 To consciousness of power ;
It was apportioned from on high,
 My birthright's sacred dower :

Possessing which, while still bereft,
 My spirit born anew,
On wings of fancy lightly sped
 To seek the good, the true.

While Nature led me to her depths,
 She showed her towering heights,
Which bore me upward far beyond
 Earth's illusory sights.

Heaven-taught, I learned that human love,
 Once merged in love divine,
Could satisfy the craving heart,
 And such, alas ! was mine.

And though but stepping stone, dear friend,
 Has proved your love to me,
It was not chance whereby we met,
 'Twas destined so to be.

ST. VALENTINE'S ADVICE.

THE saint whose name is Valentine,
Bends o'er me, with his face benign,
And bids me crave a boon from thee,
Thy faithful knight henceforth to be.
Do not, I pray, my suit disdain,
I would not woo thee, love, in vain ;
And though thou givest me no kiss,
The loss shall be atoned by this :
I will exchange my heart for thine,
Thus only can I call thee mine.
'Twould re-create the world for me,
Thy life-long valentine to be !

TO MIMOSA.

SOUL-SON of my lost Earl,
If ere in ship of pearl
We sail through azure sea,
Propelled by destiny,
And in some orbit higher
Should meet my heart's desire;
With intuition true,
I'll point him out to you,
And cry, " Propitious fate,
At last I find my mate ! "

REPLY TO

“WHAT SAYS THE NIGHT TO ME?”

“WHAT says the night to me?”

Belovèd friend, life of my inmost soul,
The night laments that seas of space should roll
Blindly between us, and with witching power,
Speaks peace to me in her most holy hour,
By breathing in mine ear sweet thoughts of thee.
So speaks the night to me!

“Hath night sweet dreams for me?”

Sometimes she sends blest visions, which like rain,
Revive Hope's drooping flowers and still the pain
Of mocking distance; sweet dreams that bring
Me to thy side, safe 'neath Love's sheltering wing.
Go ask my love ye Eden winds, for me—
Brings night such dreams to thee?

WHY?

ONE day I asked my love,
 “Why have I loved thee so?
And why should'st thou bestow
Thy love on me, when pain
Of parting seemeth all the gain?”

“It is for Love's own sake,
E'en though the heart strings break,”
Was her reply. The gain doth lie
In Love's possession, which can fill all space.
What other gift, O friend, could take its place?

EXPOSTULATION.

O LOVE, I dare not sigh for thee,
Who, blessing, hath so tortured me ;
Or bear again the harrowing test,
The rapture, infinite unrest,
The longing never satisfied,
Save when secure thou dost abide.
Too soon thy wings prepare for flight ;
Too soon day mocks the dreams of night.
Unstable god ! while thee I dread,
Life is not life when thou hast fled !

THE LOST KEY.

THOU hast unlocked my heart,
Which I had deemed no art
Of Love could e'er again
Allure to joy or pain.
Where hast thou found the key?
Explain this mystery !
Say, did'st thou wend thy way
Amid the shadows gray,
Where mermaids of the deep
Their ceaseless vigils keep?
For 'twas to them I gave
This key, that watery grave
Might with corrosive touch,
However much
The citadel were sought,
Invasion bar
From near or far !
Some strangely subtle power
Thou must possess ;
For I am powerless
To stem the tide
Which bears me to thy side,
Binding my heart to thee,
Who found the key.

OCCASIONS

TO THE HON. WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE.

“THE great grand man,” seems fittest sobriquet
For him, our hoped-for oratoric guest.
Hence we, the ladies, earnestly protest
Against the prohibitory “nay,”
O'er shadowing with regret our opening day.
Fear not, we pray thee, the adventurous test
Of visiting our eldoradoic West !
Neptunian waters, which God's will obey,
Would renovate, nor dare to do thee harm ;
The rather hold in sacred trust that life
Which seems prolonged, by omnipresent charm,
Till thou emerge from this gigantic strife
For Erin's cause. Naught, then, can do thee harm !
And who will doubt such seed as thou dost sow
Shall royal crown of victory bestow ?

TO HIS MAJESTY 1893, ALL HAIL!

UPON our threshold one doth stately stand,
In ermined robe, with bearing nobly proud.
A kingly form! For lo! in spotless shroud
Time hath his sire into the shadowy land
Conveyed, and given the Son supreme command
O'er day and night, o'er seasons, sunshine, cloud;
What wonder then, with power like this endowed,
He comes with mien so calm, majestic, grand!
What destinies of life and death he holds!
The weal or woe of thousands now he molds;
For you, for me, what changes may he bring,
This mighty monarch, this time-wielding king.
Yet bid him hail! all hail! a truce to fear.
The while, we wish to each a glad new year!

OUR AMERICAN SCULPTOR,

ADELAIDE JOHNSON.

A CHILD of genius from some starry sphere,
Was sent to earth, upon a mission here.
Her childhood passed in semi-solitude ;
She loved great Nature in each varying mood ;
And thus the song of forest bird she knew,
And speech of every shrub and flower that grew.
At home she learned, through wise maternal care,
Deft household ways, thrift, and obedience rare,
While heaven-born order seemed her birthright's
dower,
And taught the value of each passing hour.
Now, armed to battle with the outer world,
Her bark of life was launched, the sail unfurled.
Go ask the intervening years, to tell
The struggles and the conquests, that befel
This brave young heart, which made nor plaint, nor
moan,
While breasting adverse elements alone.

The tests were crucial, lengthened and severe.
At last the storm-tossed craft was seen to near
Safe harbor, 'neath Italia's sunny skies.
The star of Hope doth now in triumph rise!
This ideal goal, so fervently desired,
Her being, with such high ambition fired,
She was as one exempted from fatigue,
As though with some supernal power in league.

What wondrous skill the sculptor's art unfolds,
As from dull clay the human form he molds!
Which, chiseled into marble pure and cold,
Doth germ of living soul imprisoned hold.
And this ennobling art is hers of whom
We speak. Preëminently doth it loom
Above her myriad minor gifts, which serve
As but propelling impetus, and nerve
The heart and brain to aid the impatient hand
In gaining mastery of supreme command.
Her place is with those pioneers* of thought
Whose lives with human weal are interwrought.

** The marble busts of Mrs. Stanton, Miss Anthony and others
executed by Miss Johnson, witness to this.*

WHEREFORE?

TO MARIE LE B.

I N tortuous windings had life's pathway run
For both of us, sweet poet friend, when, lo !
Impelled by unseen force, mid winter's snow,
A sudden turning brought them into one.
Tempestuous, storm-tossed, was the time. The sun
Had set, nor light of moon or stars to show
If friend or foe had met. A need to know
Each other ; this was all ! And so begun
At sorrow's shrine, a love, which binding heart
To heart, shall nevermore be rent apart.
It was not wayward chance that brought us near ;
The why, the wherefore, shall some day appear.
My inmost soul assureth me full well,
The reason in the Future's hold doth dwell.

*
OMAH.

"They who are born of the spirit climb to celestial heights
where there is no time."

A POEM! What shall be my theme?
That earth and sky and air do teem
With joy and mirth? That melody
Of bird ere break of dawn is heard?
That Nature, sparkling, full of glee,
Exulteth that her queen is here—
Her princess of the glad new year?
And in its heart of hearts my day,
Wherein I would not work but play!

In Old-Young mansion have we met
To christen Psyche, child and pet,
Ethereal offspring born of May—
To send it on its mystic way.
From Earth's fair Eden-time it sprung,
The primal language, pristine tongue,
The first faint lispings after speech
Ere mankind fell or harm could reach
That Paradise sought far and near
By occultist, by poet, seer,
By all aspirants who, in quest
Of truth, have bravely borne the test.

*

If speech recovered, help restore
Edenic bliss to Earth once more,
Or serve us but as mystic sign
Of unit, blending mine and thine
In sweet fraternal fellowship —
(Not only with the tongue and lip,
But, joining thought to loving deed,
Shall minister to others' need;) —
Well may we hail the Omah tongue
As melody by angel sung,
Announcing Peace! from Heaven to Earth,
By child of May of Psychic birth.

PREFACE TO "THE SONNET."

SENT TO A GIFTED YOUNG LADY.

THESE sonnetary guides, dear Edith R,
Which your un-Oscar Wildeish stern papa
Was pleased to think might be of use to you,
I have transcribed. And now, you have the cue
Of making fair Italia's flowing verse.
Supposing (for you surely might do worse!)
That you select a most æsthetic card,
And write a sonnet to this Celtic bard.
Print in the corner both his favorite flowers,
Then talk of babbling brooks and shady bowers.
That you are versatile, I always knew,
And I have furnished theme and meter too —
Now though the subject is both Wilde and queer,
I trust your sonnet will ere long appear.
It will reveal, as Oscar says to you,
"Poetic beauty" as it comes to few.
Believe me, with best wishes, I remain,
The household friend, a place I would retain.

A SONNET ON A SONNET.

WITHIN the stately sonnet's close confines,
Of major-octave, and the less sestette,
Most rigid requisitions must be met.
Each part, united with great skill, combines
Iambic-pentemeter — fourteen lines.
Nor is this lyric-stanza perfect yet,
Until, at well-marked intervals, are set
The stated rhymes that harmony assigns.
The major part containeth only two,
Wherein, without grammatic pause or break,
The three-rhymed sestette's minor tones must
flow.
Thus, this symmetric structure, through and through,
Is bound in chords, whose melodies oft wake
Strange echoes in the soul, soft, sweet and low.

WORD PICTURE OF L. A. S.

QUAINT is she, quiet,
Agile of limb,
Kindly and careful,
Dainty and trim.
While of droll fantasies
Full to the brim ;
And though intense, yet
Calm and most cool :
One could not gauge her by
Compass or rule.
This is she, outwardly,
Yet who may know
What hidden tempests are
Surging below ?

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

SEEK continuity of thought,
Lest thy best gifts should come to naught ;
Choose for thy friend, Persistency,
To foil thy foe, Inconstancy !
Weigh well each scientific truth,
Nor scorn the teachings of thy youth ;
Be sceptical with Sin alone,
And calm-eyed Faith do not disown.
Self-conquered, thou shalt victor be,
Whate'er thy future destiny.

AN ELKLAND RECOLLECTION.

To C. W. K., August 30, 1887.

I N framework of my thoughts of thee
On this, thy anniversary,
Is coral of the woods entwined,
By nature's pencil interlined.
'Tis gathered where in forest home
The airy-fairy elfins roam —
Mid forest leaves, which hide their tracks,
Sleep they by day 'neath shaded banks,
And hold at night wild revelry,
Which mortal vision may not see.
The picture sketched within the frame,
Seemeth to echo but thy name.
'Tis shaded deep with troubled thought,
As though some rescuing hand were sought :
Is it a prey to sudden pain,
Which to relieve is wholly vain ?
A gesture makes it clear to me,
A sting she bears from yonder bee !
The cruel fang is quickly drawn,
No longer is the face forlorn ;
Instinct with life and merriment,
With gratitude and calm content.

Hath pen of mine made it appear ;
The portrait, is it rendered clear ?
Convey it then with memories past,
And seek the future to forecast.
It argues well, e'en though the way
In shrouding mist conceals the day.
Fair Summer veileth thus her tears,
As swiftly her successor nears.
Be not a mourner at her tomb,
Though chilling days before thee loom ;
The wintry winds should make us strong,
To climb the ascending path along.
Life is not all a summer day,
Its glowing blossoms soon decay,
Look on and up as seasons flee,
Soul-life endures immortally.

“MORTGAGED,”

To J. L.

A SLAVE of the weather,
Dear Colonel, are you ;
Permit me sincerely
Such bondage to rue.

Unless you can conquer
This servitude base,
'Twere useless to count
Upon seeing your face.

This master holds Boreas
At will, as you know,
And may any moment
Command him to blow.

Your liberty's mortgaged
Of course, if a slave !
Most truly, your case is
Exceedingly grave.

A GOLDEN-ROD GREETING.

ONE midsummer morn,
As lonely, forlorn,
I pondered the changes of life,
Its turmoil, its strife,
Two maidens appeared at my door.
The picture will fade nevermore !
From field and from forest afar,
Where the costliest earth-treasures are,
Had they borne away glittering gold,
Which before me in triumph they hold.
Not Aaron's far-famed budding rod,
Which bloomed at commandment of God,
Bore clustering blossoms more fair
Than those, these sweet maidens with care,
Had formed into massive bouquet,
To bring me that bright summer day.
Blest vision of sunshiny youth,
Of purity, innocence, truth —
Nor changes, nor chances of life,
Nor turmoil, distraction, or strife,
The pleasure can ever destroy,
Or mix with such gold, base alloy.

HERITAGE OF BIRTH.

TO LILLIE M. AND MR. H. CONGRATULATIONS !

BE glad ! For ye are heirs of winsome May,
The queen who breaks stern Winter's icy sway,
And calls from out the silent earth sweet flowers,
Baptizing them with vivifying showers.

Bright month of promise, theme for poet's rhyme !
'Tis nature's blessed resurrection time ;
Wherein, awakened from her deathlike sleep,
She comes, her vernal jubilee to keep.

Accept profoundest homage, beauteous queen !
Resplendent art thou in thy robe of green,
And diadem begemmed with sparkling dew,
Dropped from heaven's canopy of matchless blue.

We, too, owe life and being unto thee,
And triumph in our royal pedigree ;
Rejoicing with all joyous things of earth,
As we extol thy graciousness and worth.

To follow closely in thy fairy wake,
And of our heritage fruition make ;
We also must refuse to bow the knee
To frozen customs or harsh tyranny.

Like thee, we would be strong, imperial, free,
Refusing chilling winter's slaves to be ;
And hold his life-destroying winds at bay,
As with thy flowers we strew Life's rugged way.

'Tis love that warmeth, quickeneth, and holds,
Besides, celestial wisdom in its folds ;
Then will we seek to germinate true thought,
And prove existence not a thing of naught ;

But gift divine, which, widening day by day,
Shall dissipate delusive Error's sway,
And teach us what each year more clear will show,
That life is but life's semblance here below.

OCTOBER NINETEENTH.

To H. R.

THE sun is shining on thy natal day,
Scattering the shadows of the morning gray,
Waking to life the insect world, and man,
And beast. The autumn breezes lightly fan,
My brow, as thought essays to frame in words
A birthday greeting, which, like song of birds,
Shall fill the vacant space and reach thine ear,
With hopes and wishes for another year.
I hear a merry voice, a glad rebound
Of light, elastic steps ; a cheering sound
Of infant laughter, full of melody :
Could I but waft this on the air to thee,
All other joys would secondary be.
'Tis vain for pen to paint the picture fair,
So innocent, so pure, so free from care.
Like veiled prophet doth the future stand,
Holding the hour-glass of Life's ebbing sand ;
Her secrets passing time shall render clear,
As one by one the moments disappear.
May coming years a ripened harvest field
As rich return for faithful labor yield !

ANNIE W. ROSENMÜLLER.

BORN ON MAUNDY-THURSDAY.

DEAR Maundy-Annie, dost thou know
The meaning of thy day
Of birth? Why princes from their stores
Were wont to give away
In generous baskets* to the poor
Always on Maundy-day?

Then let me tell you, darling, why:
'Tis said our Savior gave,
This day, His great command to love
Our neighbor (ere the grave
Received Him) even as ourselves.
He who a world would save
Such heavenly counsel gave!

Of deepest import is this day,
My child. Then note it well,
Nor fail to mark it by a gift
Which shall some ill dispel.

*Mand is the Saxon word for basket.

May each recurring Easter-tide,
Throughout life's future way,
Find thee obeying the command
Which consecrates thy day.

DOROTHEA.

BORN JULY 27TH, 1890.

FROM some far distant star or heavenly sphere,
God-sent and all unsought it would appear,
Wee Dorothea came one year ago
To sojourn on this planet here below.
A joy commingled with unceasing care
Is she ; a strange creation, quaint as rare.
Her sign is Leo, monarch of the heart ;
Hence love of her existence is a part.
She could not live without affection's dower ;
It must be lavished freely hour by hour.
A something beameth from her earnest eyes,
Replete with wondering awe and dazed surprise.
Mayhap that new-born soul at sorrow's shrine
(Where human lives are shaped to form divine,)
Hath long since bowed, and now returns to earth,
To find at last its complement of mirth,
And so, on this, her anniversary day,
We wish throughout Life's future winding way,
That flowers of brightest hue may bud and bloom,
With gracious sunlight to disperse the gloom.
May God His precious gift protect and bless,
And crown her heir to health and happiness.

UNREAD.

AUGUST 3D, 1892.

I N deepest recess of my heart
Thy date of birth is set apart.
Sore tempted am I then tonight
A flowing poem to indite,
With wishes many and sincere
For this and every future year.
One fear alone restrains my rhyme,
Or I Parnassus straight would climb,
And it is this: I fear, indeed,
My last year's ode thou didst not read!

PROSIT NEU JAHR.

JANUARY 19TH, 1891.

STILL snow-bound, dearest Will, I cannot span
The space between us, save to link the way
With chain of warm, electric thought ! Thy day.
Though set in heart of sturdy winter, can
Reflect its sparkling snows ; for lovelier than
The vernal tints of wakening spring are they.
The fleecy, falling flakes heaven's laws obey,
And teach divinest wisdom unto man.
Pause in thy work awhile ; yea ! it is best
If Life's too rapid speed we may arrest ;
For all about us is but shadowy
Semblance of the real, which we see,
With introverted sight, where silence reigns ;
And he who waits, the art of life attains.

ANNIVERSARY WISH.

SEPTEMBER 18TH.

MY darling's natal day comes on apace !
Would I might bridge the way between us by
Device which could my longings satisfy,
Assisting dreary distance to displace,
And compensate for loss of his sweet face !
First I will let my wingèd wishes fly,
Perchance returning winds will make reply.
Were my desires fulfilled, all gifts of grace,
Of wisdom, knowledge, happiness and love,
Would then be his. I doubt not it is best
That he is held awhile away from me.
'Tis vain to penetrate below, above,
To find the reason for affection's test.
But God is good, who wills that it shall be.

THIRTEEN.

NOVEMBER 30.

O LITTLE one, bounding towards happy thirteen,
So fearlessly longing to grasp the unseen,
May thy frail, slender bark bear thee out of thy teens,
Fitly armed and equipped for Life's varying scenes.
Seven magical years, it is well understood,
Are known as the way-marks through fair maidenhood;
And may the good fairies, but not the dread fates,
Conduct thee through each of these wonderful gates !
Thou art entering the first with hope on thy brow ;
I would thou might ever be joyous as now.
May each year's advance, through this series of seven,
Prepare thee for life and fit thee for heaven.

HIS DAY.

JANUARY SEVENTH.

R. J. M.

HIS day hath come, but he himself is — where ?
Swift-sailing clouds, O surely ye must know,
Who, never resting, ever onward go ?
Fly on, but leave him to the sun's warm care,
That this, his new-born year, be radiant, fair ;
And may his guiding star that pathway show
Wherein he shall to fullest stature grow,
Unlured by turnings which the soul ensnare.
For life is full of earnestness today,
Onward but upward is the victor's way !
'Tis straight, and narrow, yea, with thorns beset,
But never hero trod it with regret ;
And lighted from above, 'tis crowned with joy.
May angels guide therein my precious boy !

TO ULYSSES MERCUR.

WHO HAD ATTAINED THE QUADRANT OF A
CENTURY.

TWO and a-half decades of precious time
Thou hast o'er passed ! God's legacy of years,
Almost exempt, 'twould seem, from sorrow's tears.
Thou lookest backward now on manhood's prime
As one who, lingering, hears vibrating chime.
But as another fresh decade appears,
Advance with courage greater than thy fears,
Nor hesitate the rocky steeps to climb.
Life, lived today, is charged with weight of thought,
Embodying aims with human weal inwrought.
Make, then, thine own commensurate with those
Who, watching, dare not sink in soft repose ;
For they who thus their highest call obey
Shall wield the future with resistless sway.

A MINNEQUA IDEAL.

A COTTAGE on commanding hill
My dream of ideal life doth fill.
I left it with a longing sigh ;
Let me essay to tell you why.
'Twas not alone its quaint design,
Its architecture rare and fine ;
It was a subtle something more
In recessed window, ceiling, floor.
The spirit of this restful place,
Which permeates each inch of space,
And giveth rein to loftiest thought,
Cannot in language be inwrought.
I question whether tongue or pen
Can frame our aspirations, when
The soul is strongly moved ; the real,
The unseen, how can the lips reveal ?
And though I did attempt to tell
You why it holds this potent spell,
Descriptive power doth baffle me,
While words seem puerile rhapsody.
Mayhap a more prosaic eye
Could tell you better far than I ;

Descant upon the massive books,
Where Browning's life-like visage looks
As lost in deep poetic maze,
At sight of his immortal lays.
Could he but turn that thoughtful head
Where, just beyond, my steps were led,
Methinks the scenes from Italy
Would break his lengthened reverie,
Recalling halcyon, sunny days,
With her whose sonnets sung his praise.
But poet-fancies by the score
Could not have fashioned folding door
In pattern of such dextrous skill
As this, in cottage on the hill.
It is a paragon of grace,
Contrasting with areas of space,
Where chimney-hearths hold glowing logs
To dissipate midsummer fogs.
Learned dissertations on the arts,
Choice magazines, and goodly charts,
Invitingly lay close at hand,
With comic Pucks at one's command.
Luxuriant divans bid you stay
And give the soul a holiday.
Now can you picture speaking face,
Whose culture showeth not a trace
Of pedantry (so often seen) ?
You have of this abode the queen !

Her Lares and Penates are
An only son, and she his star.
What may he not, or do, or dare,
In harbored home so bright and fair?

ST. PATRICK'S PERPLEXITY.

A GERMAN proverb doth allege
That all good wishes which we pledge
Must come within the pale of three,
Joined in harmonic unity.

This triple truth is clearer learned
From what St. Patrick hath affirmed,
Who strove so long, but all in vain,
The triune doctrine to explain.

The heathen people of the land
This mystery could not understand.
Pondering awhile in blank dismay,
Despairing what to do or say,

Behold ! low springing at his feet,
He finds an illustration meet ;
The explanation now is clear,
And converts lend a willing ear.

Henceforth the simple shamrock * leaf
Becomes an emblem of belief ;
It is the nation's mystic sign,
Born of the earth, and yet divine !

* *Trifolium repens* ; trefoil or white clover.

PEARL.

DECEMBER 23D, 1890.

“A SANTA CLAUS gift ! ” one might almost say,
Was little Pearl, who is seven today.
Whatever her parents shall henceforth teach,
The ancients aver, shall nevermore reach
The needs of her soul. In the cycle gone by,
The germ of all teaching, they tell us, doth lie.
I’m wondering, Pearl, didst thou live long ago ?
Thy soul is too old for thy body, we know ;
Perhaps, after all, what they say may be true,
That thou hast returned to this planet anew.
Most pearls are obtained from far-away lands,
Discovered in hollows of old Ocean’s sands ;
Yet captured at fearful and perilous cost,
As many a diver his footing has lost.
But thou, little Pearl, to have and to hold,
Though shapen and fashioned in feminine mold,
Art a jewel involving perpetual care,
From thy fast-flying feet to thy long, flowing hair ;
For, like a young antelope, happy and free,
Untrammelled thou speedest o’er woodland and lea,
While nothing escapeth thy speaking blue eye,
From favorite pussy to innocent fly.
If another seven years of blessed childhood shall last,
May they prove as propitious as those that are past.

MALGRÉ NOUS.

FOR AN ALBUM.

OF all compilations under the sun,
From which I'm instinctively tempted to run,
There is none which fills me with so much *alâim*,
While utterly lacking in sequence or charm,
As the album wherein you're requested to write
"Something original, pithy and bright."
Its owner, you notice, can brook no delay :
Return it at once ! they usually say,
For others are waiting their quota to fill ;
So what can you do, but answer, " I will " ?
Yet, oh ! how vexation is seething within,
As, with sinister palm supporting the chin,
Bereft of composure, ability, will,
You struggle this forced requisition to fill.
A poet must genius and leisure combine
To hold with precision his metrical line ;
E'en Tennyson's odes for " Occasions " fell short.
These laureate efforts, though eagerly sought,
Could not that perfection and smoothness attain,
Which rendered so faultless his *beauteous* " Elaine."

And somewhere 'tis said of our own Edgar Poe,
That long ere his "Bells" would melodiously go,
He tuned and re-tuned them, yea, hundreds of times,
Till the crystalline bells became rhythmical chimes.
Then Longfellow often for years placed aside
His exquisite stanzas, that time should decide
If best to cremate them or send them to press;
On scholarly leisure he laid so much stress.
But ever the album's diversified pages,
Defying the protests of poets and sages,
Have weakly effusions from mortals enlisted,
Who, had they been wiser, would have desisted.
The vapid expressions, the efforts at wit,
The mixing of metaphors crude and unfit,
The haltings and limpings of mismated feet,
So certain the eye of the critic to meet,
Are reasons t'would seem sufficiently strong
To send them to hades, where they belong.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION IN
STUTTGART, JULY 4TH, 1876.

HAIL, glorious day ! Our country's jubilee !
Wave ! Freedom's banner, wave !
Fly, heart and soul, transported o'er the main ;
Join with the millions there the glad refrain.

Like pilgrims from a distant height,
So we, a loyal band,
Look out to thee across the waste,
Our own, our native land.

Land ever nearest to our heart,
Far from thy sheltering wing
The sea of life has drifted us —
Hear thou the song we sing !

All hail ! We send our greeting !
Today thou art of age.
Turn a new leaf, Columbia,
Upon thy history's page.

Yet pause! Behold the wondrous scheme,
Before the ages planned,
That blood of brethren being shed
To purify the land,—

Should wash away the sins of youth,
And leave thy record clear,
Making the blot on Freedom's flag
Forever disappear.

Bitter the cost—yet who shall dare
His counsel to withstand,
Who framed this spacious universe,
And spanned it with His hand.

Now shalt thou, with untrammelled strength,
On eagle-pinions fly,
Two mighty seas thy battlements,
Thy dome, the glorious sky.

Peerless, thy star victorious
Attracts the nations' gaze!
They cluster round to offer thee
The tribute of their praise.

Bring forth the laurel,
Weave in the bay!
Blest land of freedom,
We crown thee today

Praying that thou may'st older grow
In purity and truth,
We breathe one sigh, Columbia,
Over thy vanished youth.

On scholars, statesmen, patriots,
We would a thought bestow ;
Who bravely fought our battles
A hundred years ago —

Gave us this goodly heritage,
And sealed it with their blood.
Alas ! we cannot call them back
Across the narrow flood !

They struck the blow for freedom first,
Our civil war the last ;
We are united once again,
The bitterness is past.

Peace be to them, where'er they fell,
Who perished in the strife ;
They clasp the hand of fellowship
In the immortal life.

Oh ! blessed eternal brotherhood,
Inspire us that we may
Each seek in heaven-born unity
To vie with thee today.

The city called from brother's love
Has reared a common board,
All gather there where once a *Penn*
Proved "mightier than the sword."

May those in ages yet to come,
When we have passed away,
Recount with pride this epoch of
Their country's natal day.

Hail, glorious day ! Long may the Union stand !
Wave ! Freedom's banner, wave !
Fly, heart and soul, transported o'er the main ;
Join with the millions there the glad refrain !

DEVOTIONAL

WHEN COMETH THE DAWN?

THE world is waiting for thy coming, Lord,
And while thou lingerest thy people, shorn
Of glory and of triumph, sadly mourn ;
For with their life-destroying, ruthless horde,
Disease and dreaded famine stalk abroad.
O watchman ! tell us, cometh soon the dawn ?
The shadows deepen and we sit forlorn.
Will Faith indeed receive its sure reward ?

From height of Zion's tower there came reply :
" Ere long Redemption's work shall be complete,
For God is love. The nations, I repeat,
Are His. He heedeth well His people's cry ;
As now in heaven, on earth His reign shall be
Supreme, omnipotent, o'er land and sea."

GREATLY BELOVED.

TO be beloved, greatly beloved by Thee,
O God, this, — this my soul would satisfy !
All other longings shall quiescent lie,
As I such boon transcendent seek, to be
Beloved, greatly beloved, my God, by Thee.
Thus blessed, I should possess the “single eye” ;
None other must I worship, deify,
Or else, how could I hope so loved to be,
So greatly loved, O God, my God by Thee ?
A single eye, then, hourly will I seek.
And to obtain it I thy grace bespeak ;
For lacking wisdom, thou the way wilt teach
(Imparted not through man’s imperfect speech)
How I may be supremely loved by Thee !

TRUST.

TRUST Thee ! Though all life's hopes thou slay,
I'll trust, I'll love Thee, yea, alway,
Through storm and sunshine, sickness, health,
In direst poverty or wealth.

To whom else, Jesus, can I flee ?
There is no peace except in Thee ;
All human help, like broken reed,
Doth fail us in our greatest need.

Looking to Thee from hour to hour,
Endued with superhuman power,
Mountains are leveled by the way
As we fight on from day to day.

Armed with the panoply of prayer,
What may we not, or do, or dare ?
The worst that life can offer me
Shall draw me closer unto Thee.

As ocean to a shallow stream,
Thine to all human love doth seem.
Thy love alone can satisfy ;
Possess me, Savior, or I die !

Encompassed, held by love divine,
All things in heaven and earth are mine.
What more can death do unto me,
Than draw me closer unto Thee ?

OMNIPRESENCE.

OMNIPOTENT, "I Am," to Thee I come,
Who art of every good, the essence, sum ;
Words fail my deep and dire distress to tell,
Thou only canst these fears, these doubts dispel.

As hart that panteth after cooling streams,
So longs my thirsty soul for Thee ! In dreams
She still cries out for Thee, day-spring of light,
In whose dear presence there can be no night.

Illuminate my path, most gracious Lord ;
Let these mute lips be touched with sweet accord,
To sound thy praise, O Prophet, Priest and King,
Whose mighty power can full deliverance bring.

Bid every rival to thy throne depart,
For thou at least will not deceive this heart ;
There is, transporting thought ! no change in Thee,
And changeless love alone can comfort me.

REFUGE.

O H tender heart of love divine,
I would henceforth be wholly thine ;
My soul is tempest-tossed, oppressed,
I seek thy peace, I crave thy rest.

Blessed refuge in a weary land
Of scorching winds and arid sand ;
A hiding place forever sure ;
No other shelter is secure !

TRIUNE POWER.

TOO long, my soul, hast thou ignobly bowed
To Reason, cold, keen weapon of the proud ;
Yet most invincible with Faith, which can
To flame our highest aspirations fan.

Let Faith with Reason then my speech entwine,
To give me overflow of thoughts divine ;
Grant that where'er I go, what'er I say,
May to thy praise redound, O Lord, I pray.

The vital current which shall animate,
Direct, control and make me nobly great,
I will unceasing draw from source above,
That Faith and Reason be controlled by Love.

MORNING ORISON.

MINE eyes prevent the dawning light,
(Which but reflects thine image bright)
Thy glorious attributes to sing,
Creator, Lord, my God and King !

More ready art thou to bestow,
Than in our ignorance we know ;
Its parent darkness quickly flees
When thy transcendent face it sees.

For thou the source of wisdom art ;
Of peace, which satisfies the heart,
And joy, that sparkling fountain free,
Dost dwell with those who rest in Thee.

And thou art Love, Fear's panacea,
Which cannot live when thou art near ;
While, as the greater holds the less,
Faith followeth with Hopè's caress.

All worthy thought is born of Thee.
Transmuted let it glow in me,
That deafened ears may hear my song,
Proclaiming right, denouncing wrong.

What'er my theme, or light, or grave,
May it like pure electric wave,
Deceitful errors under tow
Restrain by Truth's resistless flow.

DESIRE.

A CHALICE for thy spirit, Lord,
Let this frail body be
Like Æolian harp of sweet accord,
Attuned to harmony.

Blow winds of heaven and touch the strings,
Till the melodious sound,
Borne upward on celestial wings,
Divine response have found.

If I that gracious voice but hear,
However dark the way ;
Each cruel foe, each craven fear,
In triumph I shall slay.

I would no reservation make ;
All I renunciate ;
Glad e'en to suffer for thy sake,
If thou control my fate.

Self, wholly lost in Deity
And spirit, shaping soul,
My vision must omniscient be,
And life a perfect whole.

ELEASA — ELIDAD.*

AH, yes! My God as loving is as just.
Who then can plead our cause as well as He,
Who hath elected that the soul shall be,
Inbreathing spirit, into lifeless dust?
I will not say He may, but that he must
Design (though testing) to deliver me,
Whom he hath launched upon life's stormy sea.
I yield Him therefore most implicit trust,
While fully conscious of a reasoning mind,
Directed, strengthened by the active brain.
Yet do I place above all gifts the heart,
(Whose labyrinths 'tis vain to find!)
For in this realm, if God supremely reign,
We learn to know that of Him we are part.

* *God created — God loved.*

ADORATION.

LET me live, my love, to Thee,
Blessed, glorious Trinity !
God in One, O matchless Name,
Changing, yet fore'er the same.

Permeate each feeble sense ;
Be my Fortress and Defense.
Dwell within this house of clay ;
I would serve Thee night and day.

If Thou dost abide with me,
Holy, holy, holy, Three,
Darkness then must change to light ;
Where thou art there is no night.

Touch my soul with living fire,
As I sound Love's hallowed lyre,
That I may extol Thy praise
In inspired, enraptured lays !

Triune God, mysterious Three,
Omnipresent Unity !
I adore with heavenly host,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost !

A CHILD'S PETITION.

DEAR Lamb of God, to Thee I come,
O listen to my prayer,
And mind, soul, body, purify;
I need thy tender care.

I am unlearned and most unwise,
But thou art Wisdom's head;
Finite am I, Thou infinite,
I would by Thee be led.

A pupil in thy school, O Christ,
I needs must make advance,
Till Truth, false teaching, shall displace,
And light dark ignorance.

CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTUS! Anointed One! King at thy birth!
Entwined be thy name with emblems of mirth.
Bring the bright holly, the weird mistletoe;
With ivy — our gladness and reverence to show.

Jehovah's new name, combining in one
Infinite, Finite, Father and Son.
Better than angels hath Jesus, the Way,
Obtained a more excellent title than they.

Mythology fabled the nation's Desire
Through peace-breathing lute, and Promethian fire,
Revealed to Isaiah in vision sublime;
He preached it before the fulness of time.

Harken, O Nations, and listen, O Land,
For you is a Prince and Deliverer at hand,
Whose government gentle shall ever increase,
A reign of love, purity, righteousness, peace.

Heaven's King is your guest, receive him, O Earth!
Jesus the child of immaculate birth!
Son of a virgin, yet monarch most high —
Hosanna! hosanna! exultingly cry!

Rejoice, happy mother ; most blessèd thou art,—
Thy name among women dwells henceforth apart.
Yea, magnify Him, thy Savior and Son,
Whose rule, long expected, at last is begun

Wake psaltery and harp ! sound cymbal and lyre !
'Tis the birthday of Him whom all hearts desire.
Blow ye the trumpets, command to the feast
Of Jesus Immanuel, our King and High Priest !

EASTER.

I.

YE weeping ones, bereft, forlorn,
He whom ye come to mourn,
Hast'ning before the dawn,
Needeth earth's ministering care no more !
Bear hence your ointments and your spices sweet,
Though fused with love's intensest flame ; those feet,
That trod the wine-press of God's wrath alone
For sins of mortals to atone,
Repentant tears shall never wash again.
He is not here ; your search is vain ;
Upon that thorn-pierced head and wounded side,
By king, priest, mocking soldiery reviled,
Anointing oil shall never more be shed.
Why seek the living, then, among the dead ?
Behold, the heavy stone is rolled away,
Rejoice, rejoice, Christ hath arisen to-day !

II.

'Twas very meet that they
Who did so much receive at Jesus' touch
Should come, at break of day,
To weep and pray.

But Mary Magdalene,
Her many sins committed,
All by her Lord remitted,
Loved him the best.
“This is of faith a further test,”
She cried; “but yesterday
The Christ was crucified!
He must be there, they know it not;
I will not leave this hallowed spot,
For who can conquer Death?”
Stooping with bated breath,
The sepulchre she entereth.
Lo! where her Lord had lain
She sees with wondering pain
Two beauteous forms in snowy white,
Irradiate with celestial light.
“Woman, why weepest thou?” they say.
“’Tis that my Lord is ta’en away!”
Still sadly weeping,
Her heart in anguish beating,
Terror augmenteth her distress
As from the tomb she issueth,
And blinded by her burning tears,
Knoweth him not who now appears.
Thinking she to the gardner spoke,
Ere from her trance of grief she woke.
“Oh, tell me, sir, where didst thou lay
My Lord? for I must take him hence to-day!”

One word alone ; her name she hears ;
Stilled is her grief and hushed her fears.
“ Belovèd voice ! ’Tis he ! ’Tis he !
My precious Master, Rabboni ! ”

III.

Blessèd are those who thus believe,
Who, seeing not, this voice perceive.
It calleth each in turn, by name,
And they who follow it shall shame
And grief, yea, tribulation have — with strife
But in the end, eternal life !

ASPIRATION.

I N God's extended universe my place
Is fixed. 'Tis not by human gauge or rule
Defined, nor is it stationary school
Wherein I learn my winding way to trace,
Sustained and guided by omniscient grace.
I would be, Lord, like unto polished tool,
Clear cut, reflecting light divine. A fool
If need be fear I not to seem, our race
So fallen, unto Thee again to turn.
For this my soul as smoldering flame doth burn.
O omnipresent, uncreated God,
Lift me, I pray, as by divining rod,
To higher heights, where, nearer unto Thee,
My will in unison with thine shall be !

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

ABOVE the turmoil and the strife,
Without surcease,
Reigns holy peace.
And love perfected is its life.

Can it be drawn to realms below?
I ask my soul,
Where grief-bells toll
And poisoned weeds of discord grow.

My soul made answer low and sweet :
Self wholly lost,
What'er the cost,
Brings Peace a captive at thy feet.

HIDDEN TREASURES.

THY voice would I hear, O wisdom divine,
To thy will alone can I subjugate mine ;
Truth, mingled with error, I everywhere see,
Profoundest of thinkers, all, all, disagree.

Encompassed with darkness, Thy guidance I need,
The promise to seekers, this only I plead,
More precious than rubies, more costly than gold,
Thy treasures, I pray Thee, no longer withhold.

Endue me with prudence, discernment of mind,
With justice and mercy, with love to my kind ;
With tireless devotion to Truth unalloyed,
Hypocrisy, bigotry, help 'me avoid.

The sirens of earth have ceased to delight,
Henceforth do I banish them far from my sight ;
Thy ways, they are pleasant, Thy paths, they are peace ;
From folly and ignorance grant me release.

Directed by Thee, naught have I to fear ;
Though mountains of danger to daunt me appear,
Like mist shall they fade in the rays of thy Light,
Or I shall surmount them, sustained by thy Might.

“ORA PRO NOBIS.”

“’Tis nightfall on the sea.”

LORD of the tempest, I come unto thee ;
Tossed on the ocean, beloved ones there be.
Wild waves are dashing,
Lightnings are flashing,
Ave sanctissima, look upon me.

God of our fathers, who holdeth like sand
E’en the wild waters in thy mighty hand ;
Humbly appealing,
Low we are kneeling,
Guard our beloved ones and bring them to land.

Sacred Head wounded, O Jesus we plead ;
Listen in mercy — sore, sore is our need.
Hear the hearts’ sighing,
Thou who once dying,
Intercedes for us — Help Lord, we believe.

Depths stir within us, like billows that roll ;
Wild waves of anguish encompass the soul —
Dark, darkly groping,
Faithlessly moaning,
Storm clouds and darkness our being infold.

Type of my restlessness, unquiet sea,
Be not, I pray thee, unfaithful to me —
 False to thy keeping,
 Hopelessly weeping,
Happiness never again should I see.

Earth's weary children are sad, sore oppressed ;
Rock them to sleep on thy billowy breast,
 Bid the storm, dying,
 Cease its defying,
Sing them soft lullabies, woo them to rest.

Calm are the waters, and peaceful the skies ;
The storm clouds have fled, the wind gently sighs,
 Cease, cease my sorrow,
 Doubt not to-morrow
That sunshine again for thee will arise.

THRENETIC SONGS

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

1809 – 1861 – 1865.

ONCE seer and sage propelled our “Ship of State”;

A peoples’ man, almost uncouthly made,
Who recognized his kind of every grade
And sphere because he *was* so nobly great.
For fitting speech he labored early, late ;

Ere long his sacrifices were repaid
In logic power, which giant weapons staid,
While in the balance hung a nation’s fate.
With heaven-born wisdom steered he at the helm

Until his work was done. God-chosen, he
Was then removed, and though by coward hand
Transferred from earth, in higher, holier realm,
Doubt not, he prays for ship of state at sea,
And for the helmsman in supreme command.

GARFIELD.

SEPTEMBER 8TH, 1881.

THE arid air broods sullen, motionless;
O'er land and sea, like solemn augury
Of some impending fate! On bended knee,
A nation wrung with vengeful bitterness
Travails the while in deep and dire distress.
Bowed down in dust, dethronèd Liberty
(Ah, woeful day, when we such sight must see!)
Is supplicating Heaven to raise and bless
Her martyred head by murderous hand laid low.
What wonder that indignant clouds their rain
Withhold! Sorrow like this finds no relief
In tears. With bated breath we wait to know
The issue of the unequal strife. Shall gain
Be Death's, or Life restore to us our chief?

CALAMITY.

SEPTEMBER 19TH, 1881.

THE grasses are dying ;
 Skies crimsoned o'erhead ;
The fall leaves are flying
 In drapery of red ;
The sunsets are scarlet ;
 The moon is on fire ;
All nature proclaiming
 Calamity dire.

My strain is a requiem,
 A nation's deep dirge,
Pathetic and solemn,
 Of death-bearing scourge
By coward assassin !
 Of hero who vain
Fought death step by step in
 Death's own domain !

What wonder creation,
Amazed at the sight,
Is thrown in commotion —
Day turning to night ;
That planet and comet
Are lurid with wrath,
While heart-broken autumn
Drops blood in her path?

Bright golden-rod, drooping
Its feathery plume,
Seems silently shrouding
Its petals in gloom ;
As though it were seeking
Its sorrow to screen,
By hiding in calyx
Of sad-tinted green.

O grief stricken autumn !
Whose glory hath fled,
We weep on thy bosom,
Bewailing our dead.
Love's every endeavor,
Skill, prayer, were in vain ;
He needeth them never,
Ah ! never again.

Beloved ones are weeping,
 Lamenting their loss ;
A nation in mourning
 Is bearing the cross.
What man, tribe or nation,
 What kingdom or state,
May forestall or frustrate
 The fiats of fate ?

GRANT'S LAST BATTLE.

JULY 23D, 1885.

OF honor, fame, the highest summits scaled,
Rides dauntless, undismayed, a warrior bold
To meet in mortal strife one who doth hold
The vantage ground 'twixt earth and heaven. Un-
quailed,
He treads that shadowy land, by Death assailed,
Who, hurling poisoned shafts, seeks to enfold
His daring prey in grim embraces cold.
'Gainst other odds his courage had prevailed.
Weird sight ! The world beholds with wondering awe
Him who e'en on the Conqueror's line thus fights
To keep this foe invincible at bay.
And now, toward fields Elysian swift withdraw
Yon mystic legions from aerial heights ;
They bear a hero-soul from earth today !

CLOSING LINES OF DR. HOLLAND'S
THRENODY.

OH sighing, solemn sound of sad lament ;
Most strange, prophetic, tearful Threnody !
How " Bitter-Sweet " the mournful melody
Of this poor singer's dying song ! Silent
Forever are his earth-born strains, and rent
Are loving hearts because of him whom we
Shall know no more ! Oh friend, beyond the sea
Of Death, tell us, we pray, is " sweet the scent
Of Sharon's Rose " ? Doth " Life awake to cease
Indeed no more upon that distant shore " ?
He answereth not. Vain, vain, is our appeal !
And each in turn must wait his own release,
Ere he shall know if that veiled Evermore
For him the phantom flower of peace conceal.

KEATS.

1795 - 1820.

O world, where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes
 — *Ode to the Nightingale.*

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.—*Endymion.*

POOR Keats! In one breath, “Beauty cannot
 keep

Her lustrous eyes,” for sorrow she must weep!
 And in another, Beauty’s permanence
 Becomes the theme, steeping his every sense.
 All human life this story doth repeat;
 In every heart sunshine and shadows meet.
 The firmament, Nature herself, doth tell
 A two-fold tale; and while we mortals dwell
 On earth, we find no lasting joy. The flower
 Whose dazzling hue, endued with magic power
 To charm the eye, loses its lustrous tint—
 Yet on the plastic soul leaves an imprint,
 A memory sweet, which never shall depart.
 Let us then seek to fill the eye and heart
 With images of peace and purity,
 For these shall live throughout eternity.

THE HERO OF KHARTOUM.

ENCHANTED pen alone, oh ! hero-saint,
Thy legendary feats could hope to paint.
As weird as those of Arthur's knights they are,
And wild as poet wove round Ingomar.
Gregarious souls in human mold could not
Thy eagle flight, thy solitary lot
Pursue ; or comprehend the impelling force
Which shaped that restless and cyclonic course,
Inciting thee to those Titanic deeds,
Achieved for civic or barbaric needs.
Thy life, sustained as by some magic art,
Appeared securely guarded, set apart !
That harm could compass thee, or cruel fate
Presume to track thy path, and vengeful wait
In lonely lair, forestalling swift relief,
Seems irony surpassing all belief !
Was there no rescuing hand by sea or main,
No patriot able to avert this stain ?
Where were thy boasted fleets, proud England, say,
Thy armies, that they lingered on the way ?
Had they betimes heeded that urgent cry
For help, the Mahdi's legions to defy,

Humanity had had her hero yet.
Though master of the foe's most subtle art,
As paralyzed, he could not act his part ;
Pasha, but prisoner, chained unto his post ;
An heir to freedom, prizing honor most,
He fell a victim to his love of right.
The world has never witnessed nobler sign !

THE LONG FAREWELL.

TO REV. CHARLES MCILVAINE, of Christ Church, Towanda,
whose parting gift before we left for Germany was a bouquet
of flowers.

MY soul is sad tonight, for tidings dread
Have come to us, that one we love is dead.
Would God it were a dream! And can it be
That we thy kindly face no more shall see?

That with the fragrant flowers thou lov'dst so well,
Thou, too, hast passed, no more on earth to dwell?
Thy farewell words are ringing in my ear,
Like solemn knell, or sound of requiem drear.

“Until we next shall meet, the hope that so
Along thy path the choicest flowers may grow.”
So like sweet music fell that parting grace,
I could not then a direr import trace.

It came with loveliest flowers, surpassing fair,
Each bud and blossom children of thy care.
Like harbinger of hope they seemed to be,
Brightening our thought of home, and friends, and
thee.

“Until we next shall meet ! ” Unmeasured space !
How far hast thou outstripped us in the race.
For thee the victory’s won, the conflict’s o’er,
The trembling clay shall clog thy soul no more.

Ah, yes ! We’ll meet upon the other shore,
But by a wider ocean than before ;
And where Life’s mysteries may seem more clear
Than to our earth-bound vision they appear.

Ye sorrowing ones, through his eternal gain, √
To you have come the anguish, grief and pain.
Soon faith to sight will the beloved restore ;
He is not lost, but only gone before.

THE MESSENGER.

TO A BELOVED PHYSICIAN who, shortly after taking tea with his family, was found in his study peacefully sleeping his last sleep.

I CANNOT say that what I saw
Might not have been a dream,
Yet surely he that came to me
Of flesh and blood did seem.

“Mourn not,” he said, “for happy souls
Beyond earth’s bounded sphere ;
Clear as the sun are glorious truths
Enveiled in mystery here.

“If I might unto you impart
This wondrous heavenly lore,
The exit you would joy to make
For yon celestial shore.”

Spell-bound, I feared the vision strange
Might vanish out of sight,
And thus I cried, “Belovèd friend,
To us it still is night.

“ How comes the day ? How didst thou cross
That dark and narrow sea ?
Did fiercest billows o’er thee rage ?
Say, was it well with thee ?

Most radiant was his look, and this
The comforting reply :
“ Death sent his brother, Sleep, to me ;
My friend, I did not die !

“ He wafted me across the sea
Into the portals blest ;
I waked to find my restlessness
Encompassed by God’s rest.”

The day star rose in splendor rare,
With it the vision fled ;
I felt as one beatified
From converse with the dead.

TRIBUTE TO E. O. GOODRICH,

For many years editor of THE TOWANDA REPORTER.

AND shall the places which so long have seen
 That welcome face, see it no more ? This friend,
 So kind and true, who yesterday did wend
 His way with ours ? Who, placid, calm of mien,
 Uniting judgment rare to insight keen,
 Did with such able pen the right defend,
 While well-weighed thought with fitting speech did
 blend ?

Today, passed from our view, no longer seen,
 This friend is not — nor maketh he reply,
 Sees not our tears, hears not Love's anguished cry.
 We know no more ; know only this : Life's brief
 Epitome for each is Death, and Grief
 Its heritage. Is this, then, all ? " Here lies ! "
 Resurget ! cries my soul ; he will arise.

“ THE CHILD IS NOT ! ”

TO THE REV. MR. AND MRS. JONES, whose only daughter, six years of age, died suddenly of scarlet fever while visiting with her parents in Towanda.

THE child beloved is not, O friends !
Not here, but there ;
Forever freed from sin and pain,
From want and care.

The many-mansioned home is hers,
Dear home of peace !
Why call that death which to the soul
Gives blest release ?

This precious child hath led the way.
Radiant and fair ;
Ye would not call her back, I know,
So safely there.

Safe in the arms of love divine,
No more to roam ;
Christ said : “ Of such the kingdom is ” ;
He called her home !

PEACE.

To J. L., who died very suddenly of neuralgia of the heart,
on Sunday, February 6th, at his father's residence in Asylum.

PEACE, disembodied soul, so swiftly fled !
Not thou but this, thy semblance, call we dead —
While weeping ones surround the sable bier,
And sorrowing, sympathizing friends draw near.

In manhood's richest prime, thy mortal race,
Though scarce begun, is stayed. That peaceful face
Is shrined in Death's majestic, marble calm !
Earth's conflicts nevermore shall do thee harm.

Freed from the flesh, life never-ending thine,
For thee 't were worse than folly to repine !
For crushed and bleeding hearts we needs must grieve ;
Yet, One alone can loss like this retrieve.
" The Man of Sorrows " saith : " Come unto Me " ;
Near Him, Life's weightiest woes shall lightened be.

“AT EVENTIDE IT SHALL BE LIGHT.”

TO MARY OVERTON MACFARLANE, who entered into life April 21, 1888. Mrs. Macfarlane's colonial ancestor was George Clymer, one of the memorable fifty-six signers of our American Declaration of Independence. Benjamin Franklin, who boasted of being a printer, yet was a statesman and philosopher, was the oldest signer, and Edward Rutledge the youngest.

SOUL answereth to soul, “She is not dead!”
The eventide of heaven's perennial sun
Is death, and so true life is but begun.
And yet what bitter tears of grief are shed
For one of whom we say, “She is not dead”—
Yea, over Time hath glorious victory won,
The conflict past, the wearying labor done!
What more exultant truth were ever said?

But friend, dear friend, the human cries for thee;
How can we in thy loss rejoice? Thy place,
For us, will nevermore be filled. We miss
The loyal love, the kindly smile. To see
Again what was and still is thee, that face
Illumined so with soul, indeed were bliss!

ASLEEP.

TO MARCIA A. TURNER, who fell asleep June 16th, 1890.

SHE sleepeth ! Softly tread, and tenderly !
Yet will she waken nevermore where pain
And lassitude the spirit doth enchain.
Angels have wafted her across the sea
Of Death, unto that dreamless shore where she
Shall know all mysteries, and glorious gain
All loss shall recompense. Here Love doth reign
Supreme, in heaven-perfected harmony.

O mystic country, nearing day by day,
Thou art, in seeming only, far away !
For onward, ever onward, are we borne
By billowy wave, and swifter swelling tide,
Over Life's ocean to that other side,
Where darkness disappears in endless dawn.

CHARITIES.

MRS. CLOTILDA DITTRICH.

“**W**HOSE works do follow them !” Of that
blessed throng
Is she of whom I write ; who, day by day, \ \ \
(Till angel-guard conveyed her soul away \ \
To land of sunshine and triumphant song,)
Uphold most nobly, right against the wrong.
With ceaseless charities she paved Life’s way ;
To note the tithe I would not dare essay.
Of gentle nature, and withal most strong,
Transparent, calm, unwarped by Fashion’s sway,
T’were hard to find her counterpart today.
A friend of books, a lover, too, of art,
Uniting mind with sympathizing heart —
It is as vain such qualities to trace
As for the poor to fill her vacant place.

KNOWLEDGE.

IN MEMORY OF MRS. HARRIET B. MERCUR, who died on
Wednesday, February 19th, 1890.

"What we know not now, we shall know hereafter."*

TELL us, dost thou already know, dear heart,
Thou who hast passed that mystic bourne from
whence

Is no return? We, in our ignorance,
Crave light of thee, who now no longer art
A prey to Death's malign, destructive dart!
For life of toil, is it not recompense
To claim as refuge and assured defense
Jehovah's everlasting hills? Impart
To us who linger yet in earth-bound vale
The how, the why! When shall perfected day
Exclude the night, and powers of darkness end?
We wait expectant (finite efforts fail!)
The advent of our King, whose royal sway
Shall earth redeemed with heaven's dominions
blend.

* *Her favorite quotation.*

"ANOTHER DAY."

A PARTING reminiscence of Mrs. Frank Carter Swartz. On my way to Christ Church, of which, for some years, she was organist, she stopped me, offering to gather some June roses if I would wait.

I KNEW not that her proffered gift of flowers,
So lovingly vouchsafed, was her "farewell"
To me, else had I lingered. Now, as knell
Upon my ear, with grief which loss empowers,
Do I recall her words. Mid hastening hours
Of sunny June, the kindly accents fell :
"Come, then, another day ; I see full well
You cannot wait, but you shall have the flowers !"
And though with keen regret each pulse is stirred,
Yet doubt I not that she will keep her word ;
But I must wait awhile until we meet
Where partings are no more ; where angel-hand
Will pluck for me undying blossoms sweet,
From fragrant fields of that celestial land.

THE JOURNEY HOME.

LIZZIE O. MACFARLANE.

SHE came to see her home and loved ones here,
Not knowing that the resting-place was there
Where hills celestial, ever green and fair
From valley shadowed o'er by death, appear.
So far doth seem this home, while yet so near ;
Shut from the eye by veil of sense we dare
Not lift, till, parted, we are made aware
That some belovèd form hath entered there !
Be comforted, oh, mourning hearts ! For swift
As weaver's shuttle doth revolving time
Connect our thread of life with that blest land !
Another and another sudden rift,
And all in turn those beauteous hills shall climb,
Which re-unite each grief-rent household band.

4

AN ONLY SON.

DIED at Denver, Colorado, May 4th, 1891, William Weightman Walker, only son of R. J. Walker, of Philadelphia.

AN "only son!" Can sympathy avail
When hearts are thus bereft? I may not know,
Or why grief is our heritage below,
Or why with good the evil doth prevail.
God knoweth, and His love can never fail!
He sacrificed His only Son to show
To what perfection mortal man may grow
Through sorrow, which doth each in turn assail.
The while, there falls a voice which comfort gives;
It whispers, oh, my friends: "Thy son still lives!
That spark divine, the soul, shall never die!"
Can ye not, then, the cruel grave defy?
The heart of spring but hideth from your eyes
That life which, in perfected form, shall rise.

THE HEAVENLY CALLING.

TO MR. AND MRS. E. W. ELWELL.

TWO angel guides, released from flesh and sense,
Are waiting, friends, to point the ascending way
Which leadeth unto perfect, cloudless day.
Their glorious mission is to bear you hence
Unto that land of pure delight, from whence
Are banished sorrow and distress for aye.
This heavenly calling they must needs obey,
That loss may garner double recompense ;
And doubly blessed shall such reunion be,
Yea, everlasting as eternity !
The Father lent awhile His gifts so fair,
Which ye did nurture with love's tenderest care.
Love's labor cannot then be lost, dear friends,
As ye shall know when seen and unseen blends.

JUST BEGUN.

FRANCES THERESA POWELL, JANUARY 29TH, 1892.

A PURE life ended, did I say? Ah, no!
'Tis only just begun! Distress and pain
Shall nevermore hold in their galling chain
This spotless soul. While tears of anguish flow,
Thank God, dear friends, her place was not below!
For her, at least, 'tis everlasting gain;
She hath but joined the angel band again.
Shall not this thought some recompense bestow,
At loss of her sweet face? What loving deeds,
What charities above all formal creeds
Were hers. Time's rapid stream shall soon submerge
Us all within that sure, resistless surge —
The ocean of eternity! We wait
In turn (earth pilgrims) this decree of fate.

SORROW.

TO MRS. T——.

A SWEET, sad face, too young for sorrow's trace,
Gazed at my own, as musingly I stood
One Sunday morning in devotion's mood.
“Alas!” I pondered, “must our human race,
Without exception, fill the mourner's place?
Be lacerated by affliction's brood
Of sickness, anguish, pain and death? Why should
This lovely soul, endowed, 'twould seem, with grace,
From birth the *via dolorosa* tread,
When flowers along her path should bloom instead?”
To my inquiries gave the still small voice
Reply: “The Man of Sorrows had His choice
To suffer and be strong; and sorrow's way
Doth lead at last unto unending day.”

LAW FULFILLED.

TO MRS. ANNA M—— AND HATTIE.

WHEN souls, released from bonds of flesh and
sense,
Are hidden thus from our material eyes, \ \ \
Beholding, we should see with glad surprise,
(No longer burdened by prolonged suspense)
The why and wherefore of their exit thence.
Repressing, then, affection's saddening sighs,
Behold the Future's ever brightening skies,
Whose reflex makes the vision clear, intense !
And sweeter than the sweetest song of bird,
We hear His gracious voice, who is the Word :
“ And I, if I be lifted up, will draw
All men to me ! ” 'Tis Love fulfilling Law !
Faith, then, transcendeth sight. Dear hearts, it must
Be well with him, and God enjoineth trust.

AN EXCHANGE.

At Eldredville, on Friday, February 12th, 1892, William M. White, aged 25. Leaving home full of life and vigor, he was killed instantly, ~~caught in the cruel embrace of a rolling log.~~

WITHOUT a word of warning came the call !
From out the realms of Time so swift he sped,
We ask with bated breath, "Can he be dead ?"
So still he lies, while tears of anguish fall
Upon that lifeless form, beloved of all ;
A victim, it would seem, to slaughter led,
With crown of glowing manhood on his head.
But, weeping friends, the wormwood and the gall
Are yours alone. The cup is full ! Yet he,
From earthly toil and care forever free,
Hath, in exchanging worlds, obtained great gain ;
Surely this thought must mitigate Love's pain !
Then launch the life-boat — head it for that shore,
Where parting pangs are suffered nevermore.

~

GAIN.

In memory of Jesse Collins, who died October 7th, 1892,
shortly before attaining his 21st year.

HE died, who is not dead ! Yet doth he sleep
The sleep that knows no waking here below ;
While loving hearts, o'erwhelmed with grief and
woe,

Prostrate at Sorrow's shrine, sad vigils keep,
As sense of loss through heart and memory sweep.

Too young to die ! Yet could we only know
The Father's purpose, who hath dealt the blow.
Ye would rejoice, oh ! friends, and cease to weep.
He liveth, yea, for aye, whom ye call dead !

He hath but left this shadowy vale of tears,
Encompassed by distress and sickness dread,
For mountain heights of everlasting day,
Where flowers of promise bloom along the way,
And life no more is spanned by flight of years.

MY TALISMAN.

Presented by Mrs. William S. Foster, of Pittsburgh. Her death occurred a few months after.

UPON my hand, nearest the heart allied,
A ring has been bestowed as sacred sign
Of love, enduring, deathless and divine,
By patient suffering strengthened, glorified,
Which shall throughout eternity abide.
The jewels that my talisman entwine,
(Diana's gems) pure, clear, resplendent shine;
Love thus embodies Faith and Hope beside.
Bright circlet, symbolizing joy and peace,
God bless the giver, granting her release
From wearing pain! May buoyant Hope appear,
To banish dark despondency and fear;
May trusting Faith be crowned by sight,
Which shall dispel for aye the shades of night.

A LOST JONATHAN.

O H loyal, loving heart ! Thy brother gone,
Earth has no more a resting place for thee !
I marvel at thy forceful bravery,
Which holds thee faithful at thy post, while shorn
Of that which leaves thee comfortless, forlorn.
With others' woes absorbed, thou still canst be
Friend, helper, teacher, guide ; and unto me
An inspiration thou hast been. New-born,
My soul ascends to heights before unknown,
From whence I see that they, who left alone
To tread Life's wine-press to the bitter lees,
Are sure to win its noblest victories.
While most compassionate to human need,
They lift the world from selfishness and greed.

FOR THY SAKE.

THAT thou mayst follow, mother-heart, hath she,
Who loved the sunshine so, been called away
Where nevermore shall sullen skies of gray
Her radiant, heaven-illumined vision see.
Like joyous bird that flits from tree to tree,
Her nature was, or like some airy fay
Who could nor brook, nor bear coersive sway ;
Her most exigent need was to be free !
Oh, blessèd child ! our souls cry out to hold
And keep thee fast. Naught can such gift replace,
So dear to father, mother, sisters, friends ;
All graces now thou seemest to enfold.
How can we live without that speaking face ?
Yet He who loves us best this sorrow sends.

ILLUMINED.

To the friends of Anne Reeve Aldrich. Her last poem,
"Death at Daybreak," contains these touching lines:

I shall go out when the light comes in ;
Would I might take one ray with me ;
It is blackest night between the worlds,
And how is a soul to see ?

—From Songs About Life, Love and Death.

THE incoming dawn met an outgoing soul,
Released from the fetters of earth-pinioned clay,
Who was seeking a pathway through space to that
world
Where the inmates delight in perpetual day.

So the dawn lent her ray, which scattered the mist,
Dispersing the darkness that shadowed the way,
And the path was illumined to soul craving light,
Who will nevermore suffer from "blackest of
night."

BISHOP BROOKS.

1835 — 1891 — 1893.

GOD'S universal church is bowed today
In speechless grief! A mighty soul, and strong,
That doth to all humanity belong,
Is taken hence— borne from our midst away.
Beloved was he, through Love's persuasive sway;
“No one can take his place,” the awe-struck throng
Repeat. A friend to right, a foe to wrong,
His presence warmed as brightest sunlight's ray.
The bishopric another shall assume;
The void in myriad hearts can ne'er be filled;
Such royal souls as his are all too rare:
This pygmy earth gave him not breathing room.
And though the world so needed him, God willed
That he its sorrows should no longer bear.

“UNCLE SAM.”

“Uncle Sam” was a fugitive slave who, unable to read or write, could quote fluently from the Bible, and in his last illness was constantly asking to hear about the city whose gates of solid pearl were never closed.

A SOUL, by suffering made pure, is free !
Escaped from out its ebon house of clay,
It speeds on joyful wing from earth away,
In search of city found beyond Death's sea,
Long seen by faith with child-like ecstasy.
Here Love and Wisdom hold perpetual sway
And night is banished by eternal day ;
On every side the gates of pearl are three,
And these are never closed, but opened wide ;
To none an entrance free is e'er denied.
For of one blood God made this human race,
And each at last shall find his destined place ;
All nations of the world may enter here,
Where earth-made differences will disappear.

CRUSADERS OF '61.

WE cover the graves of our heroes today
With the redolent blossoms of sunshiny May ;
The fragrance is borne through the tremulous air,
Ascending, like incense, to regions more fair —
Beyond, where brave comrades in countless array
Are watching the vigils of this hallowed day.

Methinks mid the cloud-rifts their forms I descry,
With the banner of unity lifted on high ;
Its glittering stars o'er the blue and the gray,
Are shining alike in victorious sway !
And they are exulting, these heroes above,
That at length our bold ensign speaks brotherly love.

Though the cannon still belches, with thunderous roar,
Its flashes of lightning breathe carnage no more ;
For the rainbow of peace spans the "bloody abyss,"
And the issue is healed by Fraternity's kiss.
Their camp-fires today are effulgent with light,
Displacing the gloom of War's horrible night ;
They are fed by the flames of yon planets, I know,
Earth-fires never kindled such marvelous glow.

Our Chiefs that were martyred, with those in
 command,
 Whatever their uniform, clasp hand with hand,
 Rejoicing that He who directed the fight
 Conducted the combat for justice and right.
 One standeth among them, their prophet and peer,
 With face of a saint and look of a seer,
 No longer he weareth a thorn-piercèd crown,
 But diadem regal ! Our hero, John Brown !

He planted the germ of fair Liberty's tree,
 And swore that from slavery our land should be free ;
 He gave up his life to rescue the slave,
 Home, children, friends, substance, his country to
 save.

With courage unheard of, he dared to withstand
 A nation's repulse with one paltry band.
 How great his reward in that land of the blest ;
 " God's truth marches on ! " John Brown is at rest.

Each year swells the ranks of those triumphing braves ;
 Today have we bowed before newly-made graves,
 Whose garlands are twined with the cypress and yew,
 With roses, forget-me-nots, pansies and rue.
 All human oblations are mixed with alloy,
 Compounded of sorrow, while sweetened with joy.
 Your laurels, brave victors, forever are green,
 Though dwellers in regions by mortals unseen ;
 'Tis the tenement only that prostrate doth lie,
 Man's spirit endureth, yea, liveth for aye !

Are ye noting, freed spirits, the signs of the times ?
Can ye witness earth's chaos from yon distant climes ?
Crusaders are arming for freedom again,
Their war-cry resoundeth o'er valley and plain.
The wail of the needy doth ring on our ear ;
We are marshalling legions 'gainst tyranny drear ;
From ocean to ocean the loud billows roar,
A chasm hath opened to part us once more.
Oh, pray that Jehovah our battles shall lead,
To crush out oppression, grim hunger, and need —
That our captains shall boldly contend for the right,
And our land again ransomed by God's sovereign
 might !



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Mercur, Anna Hubbard.
Cosmos



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"The world's fair flower am I, Cosmos, by name—
From Paradise, man's primal home, I came."